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THE VOTE OF CREDIT.

THE debate on the technical part of the Vote of Credit and the undebated Vote itself were both in their several ways satisfactory. It is unfortunate that the objection to the undoubtedly novel and perhaps somewhat unconstitutional mode in which the two divisions of the Vote were united should have been formally left in the hands of Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR. But the discussion which he originated showed conclusively that the objectors were in the right. It may suit the *servum pecus* of Ministerial apologists to jeer at the Irish member and his Tory following, or to assume without argument that the form of the Vote, being Mr. GLADSTONE's, must be right. But, as Mr. W. FOWLER (who is not generally supposed to be a Tory malignant) remarked with perfect truth, the proposal amounted to neither more nor less than the introduction of the practice of *virements*, or applications of money voted for one purpose to another. Sir W. HARCOURT, indeed, got up and denied that any *virement* was intended. But Sir W. HARCOURT is not happy on financial subjects, and is accustomed to find his colleagues repudiate his arguments. Almost immediately Mr. GLADSTONE rose to say that a *virement*, or the possibility of a *virement*, was intended; that, to use his exact words, "it may or may not be that two out of the four millions will be spent in the 'Soudan and the rest elsewhere.'" The practical convenience of such a course may or may not justify it, and there may have been no intention whatever of avoiding an awkward discussion on the "Soudan" or disputed part of the Vote by tacking it to the "Special Preparation" or undisputed part. But the House of Commons is jealous, and it is its duty to be jealous, of financial innovations. No Liberal in whom party zeal has not drowned all sense of fairness and all memory of history can doubt that, if Mr. GLADSTONE had been in opposition, he would have called heaven and earth to witness that the proceeding he now advocated was unprecedented, dangerous, and damnable. The present Opposition was satisfied with entering a caveat against the precedent.

In the statement which followed, and which was very properly crowned by the undisputed acceptance of the Vote, all Mr. GLADSTONE's weakness and all his strength appeared. His unwearied flatterers have declared that this statement will become historic, and, although this assurance on their lips is somewhat weakened by the fact that it is made for the *nth* time, it may for once be allowed to pass without challenge. The statement may or may not become historic; let it be hoped that it will not, as NAPOLEON's conversation with Lord WHITWORTH, or the King of PRUSSIA's with M. BENEDETTI, has become historic. It can hardly fail to be cited by every historian of the future as the most striking character-piece of all Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches. The speaker showed, as it is his wont to show, his weaker and baser side first. First provoking and then provoked by the jeers of his adversaries, he for some time seemed likely not to emerge at all from the petty partisanship, the crawling casuistry, the silly and puerile striving to be always in the right, and always to have the last word, which mar his great abilities, and deform his otherwise not ignoble character. For a time it seemed as if the world was to be invited to listen to the vital differences between a Vote of Credit asked for when the Russians were at the gates of Constantinople and a Vote of Credit asked for when the Russians are at the gates of Herat, to a contrast be-

tween the wickedness of Tory and the virtue of Liberal diplomacy—in short, to the weary and grovelling repetition of the well-known fact that political orthodoxy is Mr. GLADSTONE's doxy, and political heterodoxy is every one else's doxy who opposes or is opposed by Mr. GLADSTONE. The differences which (as every man in the House who can think knew) were no differences, the distinctions which were no distinctions, the recriminations which can never be so out of place as in face of a great national danger, seemed likely to fill the speech, and a sensitive Englishman might have justly feared that his country at a great crisis was about to show a party squabble instead of a national agreement.

Fortunately there was one difference between 1878 and 1885 which Mr. GLADSTONE did not notice, but which is a very real difference. We have not been tender of HER MAJESTY's present Opposition as regards some of their recent proceedings. They have been often unwisely led, and they have sometimes followed but pusillanimously. But by their conduct on Monday night they showed that, while the Opposition of 1878 was partisan, the Opposition of 1885 is at least patriotic. Mr. GLADSTONE in the earlier part of his speech could dismiss "British honour" and "British interests" as "generalities which he was ready to return." But when he came to return them he found a very different reception from that which seven years ago he himself gave. There was no more Opposition gibing; there was nothing but hearty Opposition cheers when, dropping the partisan, Mr. GLADSTONE began to speak as a statesman. And no one who knows the subtle influence of audience on speaker, the inspiration of sympathy, the force and fervour which unanimous applause communicates, will hesitate to give the House of Commons credit, without detracting at all from the credit due to Mr. GLADSTONE for the dignity, the sense, and the patriotism which the remainder of his speech displayed. It is true that even here there were occasional relapses into that strong delusion which has made Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry so disastrous—relapses such as the extraordinary statement that he still does not know whether the beleaguered garrisons in the Soudan might not retreat if they liked. It is true, also, that brave words are of less than no value unless they are followed by brave deeds, and that an entire absence of perception of the connexion between present troubles and past errors is not the happiest omen of avoidance of such errors in the future. But for the moment there was no need of these deductions. Because other things might have been better, it would be too much in Mr. GLADSTONE's own wiser vein to deny him praise for that which is well. Besides, he has made what amends he could by the ingenuous apology of Thursday night. It is unfortunately, as Mr. GLADSTONE then candidly confessed, so easy to perform on him the operation which is called "drawing"—he is so fatally liable to be decoyed into party excursions—that there is really less blame due to him than to another for such an incongruity as that of Monday. At any rate, he made his apology, and made it handsomely, having been, luckily for him, brought up in a different school from that of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He thus recovered all the credit due to the better part of his speech, and that credit was far from small. The formulation of the duties of England left little to be desired; the incidental brushing away of the clumsy sophistries of Russian apologists, and the definite refusal to "close" "the incident," to put up with the kicking, and go on to the next business, were unexceptionable in themselves, and put with all the skill of a word-master who for once speaks as an

Englishman to Englishmen for England. The closing parts of the speech deserved nothing less than they received—the acceptance of their proposition by acclamation and without a dissentient voice. And if Mr. GLADSTONE's political career had closed on Monday night it would have closed in the odour of sanctity. Let it be hoped that this odour may not be dispelled. Such a speech as that of Monday is of the highest value as encouraging the nation, and as posing it before foreign nations in another attitude than that of the miserable cowering and cringing, the blundering in and the backing out, which have characterized the last five years. But the key in which it is pitched is a high key, and any discord of subsequent utterance, still more of subsequent action, will be all the more jarring and all the more noticeable. We can only hope that no such discord will appear. There may possibly be some persons who from an excess of personal dislike to Mr. GLADSTONE, or from an excess of party spirit, would be sorry to see him conducting that "Imperial policy," the eulogy of which came so strangely from his lips on Monday, with boldness and discretion. We are unable to enter into these refinements. Provided that the politics of England's enemies are confounded and their knavish tricks frustrated, we confess but a subordinate interest in the personality of the confounders and frustrators. One party, it is true, has an unsullied record in this matter, and the other has a record stained and deformed with very ugly blotches of black and red. But even for this party there is a place of repentance, and over the repentance, if it is sincere and brings forth fruit, there shall be joy.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

THE rumoured intention of the Russian Government to issue letters of marque is not incredible. Such a measure would not be a violation of strict international law, because the Declaration of Paris has never been embodied in a treaty. The Continental parties to the Declaration, including Russia, distinctly understood that they were recording a valuable and novel concession on the part of the greatest maritime Power. It is true that England had no special interest in the question of privateering, which indeed may prove to be of secondary importance; but the four articles of the Declaration constituted a single agreement, every clause of which was part of the consideration for the enactment of the rest. By the terms of the Declaration, privateering or cruising under letters of marque was prohibited; blockades were declared to be invalid unless they were maintained by an adequate force; the goods of neutrals, excepting contraband of war, were protected from seizure in an enemy's vessel; and, finally, the goods of an enemy in a neutral bottom were equally exempt from search and from capture. The provision which has been last cited was the essential part of the Declaration. English law had always recognized the immunity of neutral goods in an enemy's bottom; and the pretension to enforce paper blockades had been long since abandoned. The exemption of neutral merchant vessels from search was a triumph to the Continental Powers. The right had been claimed by England throughout all former wars in accordance with the earliest maritime law; and on some memorable occasions it had been successfully asserted against the unanimous concert of the other maritime Powers. In 1782 England, which was at war with the revolted American Colonies, with France, with Spain, and with Holland, defied the hostility of the Northern Confederacy of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, on the issue of the right of searching neutral vessels for enemy's goods. The Peace of Paris, which was soon afterwards concluded, contained no renunciation of the right. Nearly the same combination was renewed in the form of armed neutrality in 1801 during the great French war; and again the Peace of Amiens tacitly acknowledged the English rule of law. The assertion of the analogous claim of arresting English subjects in neutral ships caused the American war of 1812; and for forty years afterwards English jurists and politicians regarded the right as an indispensable condition of national security and greatness.

It is not surprising that the apparent levity with which the right of search was surrendered in 1856 should have caused a certain surprise and dissatisfaction. Lord CLARENDON, though he was first English Plenipotentiary and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had not even obtained the sanction of his Cabinet when he agreed to the Declaration of Paris.

The document was not a part of the treaty, nor was it at any time formally submitted to Parliament. On the other hand, the terms of the agreement were universally known, and during nearly thirty years it has not provoked a Parliamentary protest. If Russia repudiates the Declaration by issuing letters of marque, the adverse belligerent will evidently be released from any obligation under the same agreement; but there are other parties concerned, and a change of circumstances must be taken into consideration. The right of search, including the power of seizing enemy's goods in neutral bottoms, had been gravely compromised by the suspension of the claim at the beginning of the Russian war. France had always disputed the soundness of the English doctrine; and it was an express or understood condition of the alliance with NAPOLEON III. that during the war with Russia the right of search should not be exercised. Even if England had entered on the war single-handed, the same course would have been for good reasons followed. The fabric of law which had been erected by the English Admiralty Court was based on the tacit assumption of national supremacy at sea. As neutrals became more powerful they were less and less disposed to tolerate the interference of belligerents with their flags. The right of detaining a French or American ship because England was at war with Russia would, if it had been asserted, have proved to be a dangerous and burdensome pretension. The conversion of either neutral Power into an enemy would have been far more than an equivalent for the advantage of crippling an enemy's trade. Lord CLARENDON apparently foresaw that the same difficulty would recur in any future war; and it was a more dignified course to readjust the whole law of maritime warfare than to abstain on every separate occasion from exercising a right which was still theoretically asserted. The prohibition of letters of marque might be considered as, on the whole, advantageous to the nation which possesses the largest mercantile marine.

The Government of the United States, having been invited to concur in the Declaration of Paris, refused to assent except on condition that private property at sea should be absolutely exempt from seizure and that blockades should be abolished. The American Prize Courts had followed the English interpretation of maritime law; and no formal change has yet been made. The American Government would still in time of war be entitled to issue letters of marque, and to pursue enemy's goods wherever they might be found. On the ridiculous pretext that officers of a hostile Government were either "embodied despatches" or "contraband of war," the captain of an American ship during the Civil War stopped an English mail packet on the high seas, and made two Confederate diplomats, Mr. MASON and Mr. SLIDELL, prisoners of war. After the two countries had been brought to the brink of a rupture, the lawless act was disavowed, and the captives were restored to liberty. If goods which were really contraband of war had been taken out of the English packet, the seizure would have been lawful. The American Government armed no privateers, probably because the enemy had no commercial marine. It was more remarkable that the Confederates also abstained from issuing letters of marque, preferring to give the *Alabama* and her consorts the character of men-of-war. It will be open to the Russian Government to employ the same contrivance, if a deliberate repudiation of an honourable engagement is not preferred as combining injury with insult.

The occupation of cruisers against an enemy's commerce, whether they sail under letters of marque or bear Government commissions, can scarcely be regarded as glorious. The *Alabama*, after a long career of destruction, in some degree redeemed her character by accepting the challenge of the *Kearsage*, and sinking in the combat which ensued. Privateers, which in former wars pursued the same occupation, were not primarily intended to fight. It was only when they accidentally encountered an armed ship that they fought or surrendered, if they were unable to escape. The crews of men-of-war showed little mercy to illegitimate adventurers whose operations strongly resembled piracy. The disrepute of privateers was aggravated by their competition for prize-money, which ought, in the opinion of the service, to be the exclusive perquisite of the regular navy. The proposal of the American Government that private ships and freights should be exempt from seizure was not favourably received in England. It was generally thought that the greatest maritime Power would not be well-advised in relinquishing any weapon of offence, and Mr. MILL added the suggestion that the confiscation of an enemy's goods was a more humane proceeding than the slaughter of his crews.

It is doubtful whether the proposal of the United States was made in earnest, especially as one of the arguments by which it was supported was founded on an inaccurate assumption. There may be no sufficient reason for distinguishing between property on land and marine cargoes; but it is not the fact that any kind of private property enjoys absolute security in time of war. Requisitions and forced loans form only a part of the sacrifices which are required from the inhabitants of conquered territory. The French troops which occupied the Prussian provinces after the battle of Jena extorted for their Government twenty-five millions sterling in the year, and one of NAPOLEON's marshals was believed to have levied one million in addition for his private use. The German fine imposed on France in 1871, amounting to 40,000,000*l.*, and popularly known as the milliards, came ultimately out of the pockets of private persons.

As long as the amount of English trade is nearly equal to that of the rest of the world, exemption of property at sea from seizure would be more advantageous to this country than to any possible enemy. The resources of the English navy will be strained to the utmost to protect the trade which is spread over every sea. If merchant vessels were allowed to prosecute their voyages in security, the whole armed fleets would become available for warlike operations. The further proposal that the right of blockade should be abolished was more obviously injurious to the belligerent who was the stronger at sea; but the main objection to the American overture was that the proposed change in maritime law would have been disregarded by any belligerent who might have an interest in recurring to the ancient practice. That international law is only called law by a figure of speech has been shown by many recent writers; but there is a certain kind of sanction for contracts among States in their ordinary relations. The unwillingness of a well-conditioned Government to offer an affront to a friendly neighbour has a tendency to enforce the duties of justice and of courtesy; but a compact between the Powers that in case of a rupture they will conduct hostilities on certain conditions has no penalty behind it in case of a breach. If it becomes the right and the duty of England and Russia to inflict on one another every possible harm, neither combatant can, on fresh provocation, do more than its worst. The cynical repudiation of the Paris agreement as to privates would only assert a freedom from responsibility which cannot be effectually disputed. It would ill become England to anticipate such a breach of agreement; and it is on all grounds inexpedient to revive pretensions which could only be enforced at the expense of quarrels with neutrals.

EGYPT.

THERE seems to be but little doubt that the *Bosphore Egyptien* incident has terminated very much as such an incident might be expected to terminate. The insulted majesty of France will be appeased by a visit, the hoisting of a flag, the firing of a salute, and the reopening of a printing-office with the understanding that the printing-office is not to print—at least not to print what is objectionable and objected to. If it is also true that France has entered into engagements which will in future prevent her from making the suppression of scurrilous rags ground for a display of firmness, the visit, the flag, the salute certainly need not be grudged. Nor will any one grudge M. DE FREYCINET his opportunity of displaying firmness. If it could ever enter into a Frenchman's head that he had made himself ridiculous, the editors and leader-writers of the *République Française* and other belligerent prints (including, for a wonder, even the staid *Débats*) must have been, at this moment, feeling not a little foolish. But Providence has spared this most unpleasant of sensations to the Gallic race, and there is probably no Frenchman who is not convinced that M. TAILLANDIER's hegira from Cairo to Alexandria was a public act of the greatest dignity and courage crowned with a glorious and immortal success. For the incident itself, it is chiefly important as enforcing two opposite but very valuable morals. The first is that it is not quite necessary to assume, as some public Mentors seem now tempted to assume, that the whole world is spoiling for a fight with England on any pretext or no pretext; the other is that among those Frenchmen who have not the responsibility of office—that is to say, in most Frenchmen except one in every three millions—the old vague ill will to England is just as strong as ever. Put into

the language consecrated by the wisdom of many and the wit of one, these morals come to the advice "Don't see 'ghosts by daylight," and at the same time "Make your hands keep your head." There never was a time when these two cautions were more wanted than now.

The work of scuttling from the Soudan (with the permission, which is not quite certain to be granted, of OSMAN DIGNA and others) seems to proceed merrily. It need hardly be said that no blame is (in all probability) due to Lord WOLSELEY for this. Lord WOLSELEY has in this campaign been signally unfortunate, and he has perhaps not been entirely free from responsibility for his own misfortunes. But he is a soldier of very great experience and talent, and a man of unblemished honour, and in neither capacity is he likely to approve of proceedings almost certain to bring about future trouble and quite certain to bring hardship, or at least danger, on those natives who have rashly trusted to English offers and English protection. Unless his name was very unjustifiably used by Ministers and their supporters, Lord WOLSELEY was in some degree responsible for that most unintelligible of all campaigns, the recent abortive campaign of Sir GERALD GRAHAM. At any rate, it may be presumed that it was not undertaken in spite of him. But the mere fact of this presumption renders it impossible that he can have contemplated or countenanced such a proceeding as making a railway a dozen miles in the direction of nowhere and then stopping, or that, having experienced the infinite difficulties of getting up the Nile, he can be anxious to hurry down again, leaving Nile, natives, garrisons, and everything else to take care of itself, or be taken care of by the MAHDI. The responsibility for this singular fashion of conducting an expedition as if it were a thing which you could go on with as long as you liked, and then simply leave off and begin something else, may rest elsewhere, and it is not very difficult to guess where it does rest; but it can hardly rest on Lord WOLSELEY.

Meanwhile it is certainly a matter of legitimate curiosity to know what ideas the Government entertain on the future of the enormous region which they have carefully divested of such semblance of institutions for the prevention of anarchy as it once possessed, which they are declining to have anything more to do with in the military way, and which they have never begun to do anything with (except as far as GORDON's mission went) in any way not military. Great congratulations are said to pass between Ministerialists on the fact of the appearance of a second Mahdi, and on the rumours of very vigorous measures taken by each to show that he thinks the other a bore. But, though it is doubtless very agreeable on Ministerial principles to hear that several thousand Soudanese have had their throats cut by several other thousand Soudanese (whereby, to put it in other words, the identical benefits of the two Souakin expeditions are attained with less trouble and expense), it is difficult for any one not possessed of the peculiar mental constitution of a pure Gladstonian to see finality in the solution. The extension of Egyptian rule southwards was not wholly, though perhaps it was in part, due to a mere fancy for enlarging the Khedivial dominions and exercising the Khedivial armies. It arose from exactly the same cause which our friends the English attorneys of Russia know to be of such force in Central Asia—the half temptation, half necessity which presses on a civilized State having uncivilized neighbours. Now, unless Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to build a wall of brass round Lower Egypt, the same causes will pretty soon begin again to work south of Wady Halfa. It can hardly be expected that the two Mahdis will continue comfortably fighting among themselves in *secunda seculorum*, and the first who gets decidedly the better of his holy brother will begin to make himself troublesome to the Mudir of Dongola, or the Mudir of Dongola's Vakeel, or whatever power be set up in Nubia. The irrepressible OSMAN DIGNA is not likely to wait so long, and we see that already jeremiads are uttered as to the advance which his followers are making in the very civilized and modern science of destroying railways. Now, if OSMAN were to confine himself to burning the sleepers of a line which leads nowhere, and which is not intended to lead anywhere, we could not weep very much for them. But, unfortunately, he is little likely to confine his symptoms of complete demoralization to these satirical efforts. In short, no reasonable man out of the Cabinet can doubt that it is impossible simply to adjourn the Soudan *sine die*; to tell the tribes and their leaders that they will be good enough to come up for judgment when called upon;

to remark politely that we are very busy elsewhere, and should be glad to be spared the trouble and expense of any more dealings with them. It is to be presumed that Lord WOLSELEY's visit to Souakim is, at least partly, intended to help the Government to come to some decision on this part of the subject. Perhaps it would be wiser to say, after what is known and what is suspected of the relations of General and Ministers during the last twelvemonth, that Lord WOLSELEY has been sent to Souakim to see if he can be got to support the Government's plans or no plans. If that is the case, we venture to suggest that Lord WOLSELEY has before him an opportunity of doing his country a service which will go far to redeem his failure to serve her in the matter of Khartoum. Instead of acquiescence in the policy of mere scuttle, of mere leaving off, which seems to be recommended, let him boldly recommend some other policy, or at least boldly decline to be made a catspaw and to give an opinion that may in some way or other justify the Government in once more backing out without considering what will follow. He must by this time have seen quite enough of the Soudan to be sure that it can only be kept quiet from its natural centre—Khartoum—and he knows that it is impossible to go to Khartoum this season. Pressure, no doubt, has been and will be put on him to insist on the latter fact and ignore the former. It remains to be seen whether he will have the good sense and the courage to resist that pressure.

PHILOSOPHY FOR PITTIITES.

IF any one ever thought the British people indifferent to such pleasures as the stage can yield, that opinion must be renounced. We are, it seems, the willing martyrs of a wild desire to rush into the pit. Mr. IRVING's attempt to please the Pittites by permitting them to book their seats beforehand has let loose a quantity of curious correspondence, chiefly published in the *St. James's Gazette*. The *Daily Telegraph* must bitterly regret that a topic so attractive to letter-writers was not kept for the season of mists and mellow silliness in autumn. However, this year we seem likely to have more than enough to occupy our minds in autumn, and the letters may as well give pleasure to the literary Pittites in spring.

The Cries from the Pit (it sounds like the name of a tract) prove that intelligent men have been in the habit of standing at the doors, waiting, for a space of from one to four hours! How keen must be the "momentary de-light" of the play, once beheld, that can compensate for this intolerable weariness and waste of time! An agreeable modern writer has been called "a faddling 'Hedonist'" by a Bombay critic using the license of the Anglo-Indian press. How far from faddling are the Hedonists who have the heart to wait four hours to revel in the joys of beholding Mr. IRVING! But even the Pittite, who does not mind waiting four hours in the afternoon, dislikes rising early and devoting a sixth part of the day to securing his ticket in the morning. This early bird came to the office by 6.45; but birds even more "matinal," as the author of *Guy Livingstone* used to say, had flocked there long before him. Then other people came crowding, and appear to have made an ingenious though slightly unfair flank movement by which they partly ousted persons who had arrived, say at five in the morning. Hats were crushed, raiment was torn, time was wasted, angry passions and perspiration were developed; it would have been cheaper to have taken stalls. "Speechless, breathless, bruised, "and utterly wretched," our Pittite at last got his seat. Such is the pursuit of pleasure: to minds innocent and quiet, the crown of the Kaiser, or the Pontifical tiara scarcely seem worth all the early rising, and all the fervour of the fray. People who endure so much cannot justly be called indifferent to the stage, and, it will be admitted, take their pleasures frantically. Can it have been possible to do a day's work of any kind after this prodigious expenditure of energy and waste of tissue before breakfast?

Another Pittite, who dwells remote, *habitans in siccō*, left the woodland recesses of Mile End, and arrived at the booking office of the Lyceum, a belated traveller, at 7.45 A.M., just at that hour when, as the poet says, "sleep is sweetest to men." The Mile-Ender found "a surging crowd," and he suspects that speculators in tickets surged in the vast throng. The advantage which the booking system and the almost bloodthirsty craving to

see Mr. IRVING, give to "ticket speculators" is, we fear, one of the disadvantages that, in our present condition, attend all truly noble enterprises. The Pittite concludes that "the inestimable boon" of booking does not "obviate crushing." But there cannot always be such an inestimable Boom in the matter of seeing Mr. IRVING. Why, oh foolish Pittites! the sage feels inclined to cry, do you not moderate your transports? Mr. IRVING will not run away. He is not a lovely evanescent vision on view for one week only. All things come, even the chance of feasting our eyes on Mr. IRVING's performances, to him who knows how to wait. Then, Pittites, wait, and be patient. This kind of counsel is at once sagacious and inexpensive. It seems absurd that any one should care enough about anything, except the girl of his heart or deer-stalking, as to get up before six to attain his object. The writings of MARCUS AURELIUS, alone, if Pittites and other enthusiasts would but study them, might allay this frantic ardour. "Let us be moral, let us contemplate life as a 'whole.'" What is there in man's existence worth standing in a crowd for at 6.45 A.M.? "The motion of virtue is in 'none of these things; it is something more divine, and, 'advancing by a way hardly observed, it goes happily on 'its road.'" How different is this engaging description of the contemplative life from that revealed in the confessions of the Pittites! One of them says he "must give up all 'hope of obtaining a good seat at the Lyceum.'" Well, even if it be so, felicity does not consist in the transitory pleasures of the eye. The truly wise man will find his only real enjoyment in well-reasoned content with the Universe. "In this flowing stream which is ever flowing by, what is 'there on which a man should set a high price?'"

THE NATIONAL LAND COMPANY.

THE National Land Company will, if it receives the necessary support, try an experiment which may have valuable results. Sir R. Loyd LINDSAY's munificent gift of a farm of 400 acres in Berkshire is not likely to be frequently copied; but there is no reason why the undertaking should not at its outset be facilitated by voluntary contributions. Permanent results can only be secured by commercial success. Unless the capital invested produces a moderate return, the stream of disinterested benevolence will soon run dry. Many persons, indeed, might be disposed to make sacrifices for so desirable an object as the establishment of a numerous body of small owners and occupiers of land; but it is evident that the attempt would be useless unless cultivation on the proposed scale is found to be profitable. The best model which can be selected for imitation is probably that of Building Societies, in which the capital is for the most part provided by members who have other objects in view besides the investment of their capital. The Land Company must require from purchasers and tenants an advance on the amount which it has paid for land; but the difference between wholesale and retail prices ought, if possible, to be small. The portions of its property which may from time to time remain unsold will, if possible, be let to temporary or permanent occupiers. The promoters are well advised in declining in any circumstances the risk and responsibility of farming. Joint-stock agriculture, except perhaps where it is conducted on the co-operative principle, would certainly be unprofitable, and it might well be ruinous. It will be a question whether the Company ought to sell land in considerable undivided quantities as well as to buy it. The dividend which is indispensable to attract and retain shareholders can only be earned by buying in a cheaper and selling in a dearer market. The whole revenue of the Company will necessarily be added to the ultimate cost of the land. It is only on the supposition that co-operative farms are too small in extent to be bought on advantageous terms that the interposition of the Company between vendor and purchaser could be desirable.

The speeches at the late meeting were interesting, and not uninstructive. Several great landowners expressed with obvious sincerity their interest in the movement, and some of them were able to testify from their own experience to the utility of small holdings. The comparative advantages of purchase and of hiring at a rent will vary with the means of the occupier and with local circumstances. A permanent tenure, such as that of Scotch feuars, would not be inconsistent with a rent-charge; but in such cases it would be desirable to provide by a sinking-fund for the ultimate extinction of the burden. No association of share-

holders can emulate the sagacious benevolence of such a landowner as Lord TOLLEMACHE; nor is it desirable that its success should depend on continued personal supervision. The main, if not the sole, function of the Land Company will be that of a middleman. There is now a large extent of land seeking a purchaser; but for the most part it cannot be sold piecemeal. The Duke of ARGYLL had been informed that in Essex alone, one of the metropolitan counties, 60,000 acres are on sale; yet an industrious man with 200/- or 500/- in his pocket might perhaps not be able to buy a patch of land on which he could erect a cottage. The Land Company can enter the market on advantageous terms with the ulterior purpose of meeting the wants of petty buyers. For the present the first purchasers must pay the expense of investigation of title and of transfer; but there is no reason why the process should be repeated on the resale of parcels of an estate. A short form might contain a guarantee of title; and the only additional cost would be that of the Government stamp. The promoters of the undertaking hope to find customers for properties varying from one acre to thirty or forty. There is no reason why a purchaser on a larger scale should necessarily require the intervention of a third party.

An obvious difficulty in the increase of small holdings is the cost of building. As a rule the occupier is to be resident, and the cost of a wholesome cottage, with the necessary out-buildings, may well exceed that of a few acres of land. Lord CARNARVON, in the judicious speech with which he opened the proceedings, attributed sufficient and not excessive importance to the question of buildings, and to other probable impediments. It will often be necessary for the Company to build, adding the cost to the purchase-money, or more probably to the rent of the land. In other cases it may be sufficient to provide materials, leaving the occupier to find the necessary labour. Where the purchaser builds the sanitary authorities must exercise due vigilance to secure the proper design and execution of the works. The Company will after completion of the sale only be interested in providing against the production of nuisances which might affect the value of the adjacent land.

There is perhaps no reason why the proposed Company should not deal with Co-operative Associations as well as with single purchasers; but its interference seems to be less necessary where there is no purpose of immediate subdivision. Mr. ALBERT GREY and Mr. AUBERON HERBERT, who with Mr. HALLAM TENNYSON were mentioned as the most active promoters of the new undertaking, appear to be more strongly interested in the co-operative experiment than in the creation of independent freeholds. Two cases in which agricultural co-operation is said to have succeeded were mentioned by several of the speakers; but as the first and second instances were separated by an interval of half a century, the evidence in favour of the system can scarcely be regarded as conclusive. If general confidence in the soundness of the co-operative method were to be hereafter entertained, there would be no difficulty in procuring suitable farms either by purchase or on lease; but perhaps the Land Company may be able to buy on a larger scale, and therefore more cheaply, than a smaller Association. Lord RIFON referred with complacency to support which he appears to have given many years ago to the co-operative movement; but the advantages which have accrued to consumers have not, for the most part, followed from experiments in joint production. It is indeed asserted that associated farm-labourers have been found to work harder because they were entitled to a share in the profits as well as to their wages; but the induction is derived from a limited number of instances; and the effect of loss, or even of the absence of profit, has not been satisfactorily ascertained. One of the incidental objects of the Land Company is to provide the larger farmers with a regular supply of labour, or rather to give cottage occupiers opportunities of earning wages in augmentation of the little profits of their land. Co-operative farms, on the other hand, would occupy all the time of the working shareholders. Both schemes may be practical and useful; but they cannot be combined. Lord CARNARVON's suggestion that several small holdings might be cultivated with a pair of horses belonging to one of the occupiers falls far short, even if it is found to be practicable, of organized co-operation. The prospectus of the Land Company assumes that, except in the case of market-gardens, spade husbandry will not be found economical. Experience will show whether private enterprise will provide horses or agricultural machinery to be hired by small occupiers in turn.

One of the most satisfactory characteristics of the intended experiment is that its promoters appear, with one exception, to have for the occasion laid politics aside. The speakers at the meeting belonged to different parties, and an appeal by Lord RIFON to Radical prejudice passed without notice and without assent. If the attempt to create small freeholds and tenancies by strictly commercial methods proves to be successful, the ground will be cut from under the feet of projectors who would accomplish the same result at the public expense or by compulsion. Clamorous theorists have been repeatedly reminded that since the passage of the Settled Lands Act the entire soil of England, with insignificant exceptions, is saleable at the will of the actual possessor. There are, in fact, estates of all sizes to be bought at prices which would only a few years ago have been thought absurdly low. The only impediment to subdivision, if there is really an effective demand for small freeholds, would be removed by the operations of the Company. In these circumstances Lord RIFON thinks it necessary to announce that his concurrence in the scheme will not affect his support to compulsory measures, such as those which are embodied in Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's Bill. Lord RIFON may possibly have since taken warning by the most incendiary speech which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has yet delivered. The Socialist agitator of the Cabinet sneers at the dukes, marquesses, and earls who spoke at Willis's Rooms because they propose to effect honestly, and with the aid of experience, some of the results which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN hopes to accomplish by local bodies voting to themselves the property of their richer neighbours. Lord RIFON is much mistaken if he thinks that semi-Communist professions will relieve him from paying his share of the ransom by which owners of property are to purge their excommunication. It was quite unnecessary that Lord RIFON should reserve a liberty of action which could only be compromised by the economic failure of the Land Company's experiment. If petty cultivation prospers, the system will establish and propagate itself. It would be absurd to introduce compulsory sale in the Channel Islands or in those parts of Flanders where small holdings have proved to be extraordinarily productive. It is at least possible that in the greater part of England petty freeholders may fail to thrive. While the result is still uncertain, landowners who give the plan a trial will perform a public service, and, in the event of success, they will benefit themselves. The selling value of land would be greatly increased by the introduction of a new class of purchasers, and it is well known that small tenants already pay the highest rents. As long as wheat was the most important crop, the cottager could not compete on equal terms with the large and scientific farmer. He ought to succeed better with pigs, with poultry and eggs, and in favourable situations with fruit and garden produce. With the aid of the Land Company he will perhaps be able to buy his holding at twenty years' purchase of the former rent, or to hire it on equally advantageous terms. The possibility of retaining such a property in bad times can only be tested by experience.

THE NAVY.

AT this moment the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty are giving us an interesting spectacle. They are doing, in a vivid and compressed way, all those things which they ought to have done, tamely and at leisure, any time during these last five years. The more advanced of the ironclads on the slips are being pushed forward, and one of them, the *Howe*, has just been launched. As she may be said to be more than half finished, and as it is scarcely possible for the most orthodox believer in human folly to think the Admiralty capable of making experiments with her now, she will doubtless be ready for the pennant within a year. By that time the war, supposing there has been a war, will perhaps be over; but the *Howe* will, in any case, be ready to take the place of other ships worn out by months of cruising; and if this does not seem much, it is at least better than nothing. Smaller vessels are being bought, finished, or begun, with an almost magnificent energy. The Admiralty, feeling its back against the ropes, is hitting out. It ought never to have got into that mess, but we may be thankful that it is not adding the crime of doing the wrong thing to the folly of drifting into the wrong place. Every day brings news of some other ocean-cruiser purchased for warlike purposes. Within a month or so, the number has risen from four to fifty. The proportion of the two figures represents pretty fairly the

difference between what the Admiralty declared would be enough six months ago, and what it finds necessary with the prospect of war hanging over its head. Fast steel gunboats to look after torpedo-boats are being ordered by the score—at last. Messrs. THORNTON & YARROW's men are working day and night at torpedo-boats—at last. Big steamers are carrying thousands of tons of coal to the Cape in view of certain eventualities—at last. These active measures have come like DUGALD DALGETTY's promotion—slow, dooms slow—but they have come. As an illustration of the Admiralty's methods, nothing can be more apposite than the report that the reconstructed *Hecate*, having proved a success, her sister ships are to be similarly fitted for sea. The *Hecate* and her consorts are coast-defence turret-ships which in their original state could not face a sea such as a Portsmouth wherry would sail over with ease. The vessel we have named was built up to make her seaworthy months ago, and the successful experiment is only now being copied on her consorts. Truly it is not the least striking instance of the fortune of England that her enemy this time is a third-rate naval Power.

Meanwhile, leaving the question of the ships, which is too complex in its details to be fully noticed at present, it is pleasant to turn to the signs, visible enough on all hands, that the men of the navy have not degenerated, and may be trusted to make the most of whatever ships and guns are given them to fight. No part of the history of the fighting in the Soudan is pleasanter reading than Lord C. BERESFORD's report on the services of his bluejackets. Since Admiral GOODSON's seamen saved VENABLES's soldiers from destruction in San Domingo, the service has not shown its quality on land better than it did in handling the Gardner gun on the left flank of the square at Abu Klea. The rescue of Colonel WILSON's party has been much and justly praised, and Lord C. BERESFORD's despatch will only confirm the original belief that the feat was no less distinguished by the courage than by the discipline and quiet good workmanship of everybody engaged. A certain element of comedy enters into the story of the cruise of the *Superb*. At the present moment when some among us are exercised by fears of the damage to be done to our commerce by the Russian cruisers now lurking in Spanish and French ports, it is a relief to hear how one of them has been unpleasantly reminded that she may meet with craft of a very different kind from unarmed merchant ships. The captain of the Russian corvette may have felt considerably provoked by the arrogance of the frigate, but happily for him his sense of dignity did not urge him to do more than run into port and make plaintive observations to Spanish officials. Other cruisers in other seas are occupied in the same task as Captain CLEVELAND's frigate. Russian armed ships cannot enter an American port, but some British man-of-war shortly has occasion to turn up there too. Admiral DOWELL also is shepherding the dread Pacific squadron. With armed vessels prowling about within striking distance of one another in this fashion, there is nothing surprising in the news that sharp words have been exchanged on the high seas. A little longer and the guns will be ready to go off of themselves as they did in Admiral CODRINGTON's squadron at Navarino. It will be very sad if this policy of provocation tempts our long-suffering Russian friends to forget that they are not dealing with Afghans armed with muzzle-loaders. If, however, that disaster should happen, it is some satisfaction to know that the officers and men of H.M.S. ships and vessels of war will be ready for the emergency.

BULLYING AT KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

THE process of "hardening," as now practised at King's College School, no doubt secures the survival of the fittest. It is complained, however, that pupils not sufficiently fit, or "hardened" by pupils of excessive fitness, fail to survive. A little boy called BOURDAS has been simply hammered to death at King's College School by boys who, if not big boys, were, at all events, bigger than he. If no one is punished for this horrible result of organized cruelty, if the affair stops short at the verdict of "Death through misadventure," considerable encouragement will be given to bullies everywhere. What form of cowardly violence may not be practised if the bigger boys of certain forms are permitted to make smaller boys run the gauntlet of their blows? The story of the death of little CHARLES BOURDAS is very short and simple. He came home one evening and complained of sickness and pains in his limbs. He had

to take to his bed. Symptoms of paralysis set in. The medical attendant asked him if he had received a blow on the back. Then, first extracting a promise that the Head-master should not be told, he admitted that he had, like other small boys, been subjected, on several occasions, to violent beating on the back. It was the amusement of the beaters to torture the little fellows. Apparently, the child knew the particular coward whose particular blow caused the special mischief. Then the little boy died, and a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death through misadventure, and the deplorable incident was described as the result of "horse-play."

Schools where this kind of "horse-play" is a traditional institution must be thoroughly evil, and thoroughly ill-managed. In the letters which past and present pupils have written to the papers, it appears that King's College School is a gloomy place, almost without proper playgrounds. But as it has been in this condition without much change for fifty years, and as during many parts of that time it has been quite free from bullying, the mere *genius loci* will hardly bear the blame. At the present time there seems to be a good deal of blame somewhere. Some of the boys are said to have formed gangs, and rushed violently down the passages, sweeping away all smaller boys whom they encountered. Boys appear to have been a good deal hurt in the course of a diversion much favoured by London roughs. We have already described the glorious sport of making children run the gauntlet, and hitting them as if they were the mechanical figures at fairs which register the force of a blow. CHARLES BOURDAS registered the force by receiving concussion of the spine and dying, and this appears to be the "best record" of a favourite amusement. Schools unprovided with airy playgrounds, and too well provided with gloomy passages, are, if discipline is neglected, likely to become the abodes of horrid cruelty. Boys having no games in which to vent their energy will probably turn to torturing each other. There is not so much time for bullying at day-schools as in the public schools, but at King's College School the most was made of the opportunities. The Head-master, it is needless to say, knew nothing of these excesses. Of course not; Head-masters never do. Nothing is said of any Sixth Form, with power to punish or report abuses; nothing is said of any monitors or preceptors. The porters whose duty it was, as we gather, to keep order in the passages were possibly otherwise engaged when CHARLES BOURDAS was being beaten to death. Probably, as some one writes in the newspapers, the bullies were not the big boys of the school. These, as a rule, have "grown to pity." Your bully is the hulking young ruffian of fourteen or fifteen, whom his invincible mindlessness keeps on the wrong side of the Fifth Form. In most schools, where bullying exists, this class of savage young dolt provides the culprits. These fellows glory in their strength, and display it in the infliction of pain. We confess that no punishment, from a severe flogging and expulsion upwards, appears to us much too severe for the boys whose violence closed in this "misadventure." About the general condition of the school the authorities of the school will, perhaps, find it well to make inquiry. One bad case like this is not often isolated; it is usually the fine flower of a long series of misdeeds. Probably no misery of men is equal to that of boys who are bullied, and this wretchedness, once exposed, will, we trust, be mitigated at King's College School.

RIEL'S REVOLT.

FURTHER news from Canada only confirms the first impression of all judicious observers. It is daily becoming plainer that the insurrection is a very serious affair, and will be a long one. A glance at a map, even on a small scale, will show how serious the movement is in point of extent alone. From Fort Carlton to Fort Calgary is a distance of three hundred miles, and from Qu'Appelle to Fort Pitt about the same. These four places stand at the corners of a great square of territory which is now in open revolt. The district is about three times as large as the whole territory of Manitoba. Within its bounds the attacks on Canadian posts and on the settlers of English blood have been so universal and so carefully timed as to give great force to the assertion that the revolt has been for some time in preparation. The Cypress Hill district, which is almost on the borders of the United States, has been disturbed, and Fort Calgary is threatened. From Edmonton to Fort Carlton every station on the North Saskatchewan River has

been attacked at once. As yet no very serious disaster has been reported. The Indian raids do not appear to have been accompanied by the usual excesses in massacre, and Colonel OTTER has undoubtedly been successful in relieving the besieged settlers at Battleford. From all other quarters, however, only failures or very dubious successes are reported. There can be no doubt as to what is the general sentiment on the subject in Canada. The Government of the Dominion makes no secret of its anxiety, and is giving the most palpable proofs of its distress by multiplying concessions, and hastening to settle the long-neglected demands of the half-breeds. It is very little to the honour of the Canadian Government that claims which it can now recognize as just should have been slighted for so long, but it may be doubted whether this is a proper time to rectify its past errors by yielding. Concessions made in face of a rebellion are very justly considered proofs of weakness. No man believes in the sense of justice which only wakes up under the stimulus of fear.

Although more than a week has passed since General MIDDLETON's action at Fish Creek, it is still doubtful whether the result of that fight was of a kind to encourage the rebels or not. The first reports were directly contradictory, and later on the communications of the Canadian force seem to have been cut, at least for a time. This is not a very serious sign in itself. In a roadless and sparsely-peopled country it would be scarcely possible for a much greater force than General MIDDLETON has at his command to keep its communications always clear from interruption by the enemy. But, apart from this, it seems only too probable that the fight at Fish Creek was at best a check for General MIDDLETON. There is no proof that he was actually defeated, and he even seems to have driven the enemy from some part of their position; but, on the other hand, the half-breeds fought with a tenacity which the sudden and ignominious collapse of RIEL's "Republic" at Fort Garry had led nobody to expect. That of itself is enough to cause the most serious anxiety; for, if the Indians and half-breeds have the spirit to resist, they have unquestionably all the knowledge and training required to enable them to fight with effect. General MIDDLETON's men have behaved much as might have been expected from inexperienced troops under the circumstances. With good drilling and fair leading the rawest soldiers who come of a courageous race can always be got to fight bravely, but what they can never be got to do is to shoot well in action. In the action at Fish Creek the Canadian gunners and riflemen did everything except shoot well. As a natural consequence, they seem to have lost more severely than their opponents, and the effect produced by the accurate fire of the enemy has probably had as much to do as the difficulties of transport in inducing General MIDDLETON to halt. As a pause in operations of this kind is almost equivalent to a defeat, it is easy to understand why the reports from Fish Creek have seemed so serious at Ottawa. The Canadian Government are not disturbed because they think their General has suffered a defeat, but because they see that the rebels will be encouraged to prolong their resistance and raise their demands; while it is plain that much is yet needed to complete the instruction of their own troops and make them thoroughly efficient.

MORALITY TO ORDER.

THE House of Lords has been engaged during the present week in trying to make everybody moral. The attempt is praiseworthy; but it may perhaps be doubted whether the means employed are likely to produce the end desired. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill bears an unexceptional title, and some of its provisions are directed to the very proper purpose of repressing public disorder. But there are others which have been framed in contempt or neglect of the rudimentary principle that with vice, as such, the State has nothing to do. A few years ago this proposition would have needed no argument to enforce it. Even at the present time it is more often tacitly ignored than openly assailed. To a certain class of politicians, no doubt, the distinction between moral disapproval and legal prohibition never presents itself at all. If you contend that a certain course of conduct ought not to be punished by law, they at once assume that you are personally in favour of it, and from that it is but a short step to the assertion that you are in the habit of following it. When the Bishop of

PETERBOROUGH pronounced his celebrated declaration that he would rather see England free than England sober, he was, in his own forcible language, "screamed at by 'eloquent and hysterical canons,' and very soon accused of personal intemperance. It did not occur to his opponents that they were in any way bound to be temperate in invective or imputation. Those who object to the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, or to its more stringent provisions, must expect to be told that tax-contractors and ladies of doubtful virtue will go into the kingdom of Heaven before them. Nevertheless, we shall not be deterred by any fear of misrepresentation from expressing our conviction that the Government has in this measure greatly exceeded the proper limits of interference. The question is not altogether a pleasant one to discuss. But it has been raised, no doubt with the best intentions, by the promoters of this Bill, and it would be cowardly for those who disagree with them to shrink from explaining their dissent. It is deeply to be lamented that immorality exists. There is nothing in CATO's famous but qualified commendation of the man who was seen coming out of a notorious house to show that CARO did not prefer a standard of morals which would have made such commendation absurd. Parliament must deal with men as they are, leaving to the preacher and the moralist the task of making them better. Such at least was the theory most commonly held when there was such a thing as political science.

The House of Lords has decided that, if any person procures a woman to enter a place of ill-fame he or she shall be guilty of a criminal offence. Lord SALISBURY deserves great credit for the courage with which he opposed this preposterous piece of legislation. He pointed out very clearly that the infamous traffic, against which the most stringent safeguards ought to be taken, would be properly and adequately discouraged by confining the operation of the clause to establishments beyond the seas. The fixing of the age of consent for girls gave rise to an animated and acrimonious discussion. Here, again, it seems to us quite clear that, from the most benevolent and virtuous motives, the advocates of enforced chastity are defeating their own object. The Bill fixes the age at fifteen, and an amendment raising it to sixteen was rejected. Lord BRAMWELL, whose experience of the criminal law is greater than that of any other man in the House of Lords, except perhaps Lord FITZGERALD, who on these points agrees with him, protested against an alteration of the law, which, in his judgment, would lead to the worst species of *chantage*. Legislators are bound to remember, however disagreeable it may be to reflect, that some girls are very precocious, especially in the class most affected by this Bill. We cannot congratulate the Government on its attempt to deal with the scandals of the London streets. These are very grave, and they have been lately much increased by the very measures which it was hoped would remedy them. But it is a long step from the admission of this fact to enacting that a policeman may arrest any person for what he regards as solicitation. If this clause really became law, innocent girls would run risks of being apprehended on an odious charge against which nothing could protect them. Lord ORANMORE is not a great statesman, but there is much force and truth in his remark that "it was impossible to do away "with immorality, which was the object of the supporters "of the Bill."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN EXPLAINS.

THE public are much beholden to the Eighty Club for the opportunities which it is affording to various eminent members of the Liberal party to expound their highly conflicting political views. It is a most useful function, and one which in its complete appropriateness to the circumstances of the hour may well lead the more indulgent critics of the Club to overlook the painful anachronism of its name. Considered as an association founded to commemorate the advent of the reign of peace and plenty which was to have begun at the last general election, the Eighty is just now, if we may so say, an Eighty in the shade. But there may still be a future for it as an Eighty-five Club, dedicated this time, not to the strength of the Empire, but to the internal union of the Liberal party. For our own part, we should wish it every success, or at any rate, all the success which it is obtaining at present, on such a mission as that. We could pronounce a fervent *estō perpetua* over a state of things in which an eminent

ex-official Liberal describes the party led by one of the Cabinet as "the Salvation Army of politics," while the Cabinet Minister retorts by sneeringly representing the distinguished ex-official as a political *dilettante*, a candid friend who has accepted the "noble mission of criticizing the work in which his culture and refinement prevent him from taking any part." To see *EPHRAIM* and *JUDAH* thus vexing and envying each other in the person of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. GOSCHEN is pleasant to the Conservative natural man, and we can only hope that the Eighty Club will provide us with many similar performances. But, even if Birmingham had not been replying to Ripon last Tuesday night—even if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as the guest of the Eighty Club, had not had to set himself the task of providing the Radical antidote for the bane of those Whig opinions which had lately been administered to his hosts on a like convivial occasion—his speech would still have been a highly interesting one. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Mr. GOSCHEN is good hearing; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on himself, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on natural rights and ransom, was also sure to be well worth listening to.

And first on natural rights. On this Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is very bold; as bold, in fact, as a man can easily afford to be who will have nothing to do with definitions. "I ask you," he said—although to hosts who do not "fear to speak of Eighty" in the year Eighty-five the exhortation was surely superfluous—"I ask you not to be afraid of words. Because the doctrine of natural rights was abused in the French Revolution do not ignore the fundamental right which every man holds in common for a chance of decent existence, and try rather to give it the sanction of law and authority, for it has the eternal foundations of justice and equity." Now undoubtedly the abuse of any valuable thing during the French Revolution ought not to abolish its use, otherwise we should have given up lamp-posts. But whether the doctrine of natural rights is worth preserving, even for the sake of asserting that fundamental right of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN speaks, is extremely questionable. Whenever a man introduces "the right to live" into political discussion we may be sure that he has either confused ideas as to where the science of politics begins and ends, or he is consciously importing arguments and ideas into politics which have no place in the science. Whenever the natural right of the individual, we will not say to decent existence, but even to existence at all, is found opposed either in fact or in discussion to the same or other rights of other people, and is allowed to override them, it is a sign either that the circumstances have or that the controversy has passed beyond the sphere of politics altogether. In fact or by the hypothesis the men on whose behalf this natural right is then asserted, and those at whose expense it is exercised, have ceased to stand in any political relation to each other; they have returned to a state of nature. The most conspicuous recent instance of the application of the doctrine which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN regards as such valuable salvage from the French Revolution occurred, it will be remembered, on board the *Mignonette*. There the natural right of the captain and certain of the crew to existence was asserted at the expense of another member of the crew, with what results we all recollect. The case had interesting legal bearings; but nobody would affirm that it threw any particular light upon political questions. Nor would it be found that any other example which either we or Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could suggest has any more relevance to the subject. The assumption upon which society exists is that the assertion of natural rights, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN prefers to describe the response to certain primitive impulses of humanity, can and will be controlled by the socially created rights with which they may conflict. Cases in which the impulses are not controlled by the rights may be interesting to the lawyer or to the philosopher; but the politician has nothing to say to them. They, and with them the whole body of talk about "natural rights," only begin where politics ends. One can understand Mr. CHAMBERLAIN using expressions like this as men use explosives. But, supposing his intention to be more innocent, it only shows how small an equipment of political thought and even historical study will suffice for a leader, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN be really unaware that every attempt to treat politics deductively from the side of natural rights has proved always a complete, and generally a dangerous, failure.

But enough of natural rights, and of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thereon. As invariably happens in these cases, the far-reaching and all-covering principle with which the demo-

cratic orator delights his audience reappears concretely in the most harmless and platitudinous forms. "Because State Socialism may cover very injurious and very unwise theories, that is no reason at all why we should refuse to recognize the fact that government is only the organization of the whole people for the benefit of all its members, and that the community may—ay, and ought to—find for all benefits which it is impossible for individuals to provide by their solitary and separate efforts." A proposition of this kind will obviously cover everything from the most indisputably legitimate to the most violently doubtful forms of State action—from sanitary inspection up to the establishment of national workshops; since both are cases of the community providing men with benefits which it would be impossible for individuals to provide by their solitary and separate efforts. Whence of course it follows that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech is as acceptable to the classes whom he desires to please as though he had actually talked national workshops, while at the same time he may lay claim to all the statesmanlike moderation of a social reformer who goes no further than the author of the Education Act or those who wish for an "extension of the functions and authority of local government." That, to say the least of it, is ingenious; but, though the kind of ingenuity is a common enough art of the demagogue, it is not one to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has heretofore been much in the habit of resorting. He seemed, however, to be in a particularly statesmanlike mood on Tuesday night; for he actually went out of his way to explain a certain famous saying of his about ransom. We say went out of his way, because we find it difficult to believe that the reference to ransom was entirely spontaneous on the part of the gentleman who made it—a Mr. RALEIGH. This explorer observed that "lawyers might be little puzzled by what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had called natural rights, and economists might have doubts about holding property at ransom"; and upon this hint Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spake. We have all of us been mistaken, it seems, in the use of this much-criticized word. It conveys, or was meant to convey, no flavour of brigandage; its associations in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's mind were purely Scriptural. It is "used in Scriptural phraseology again and again as the compensation which a man has to pay for wrong doing before he can be received into the congregation"; and "I tell you," continued Mr. CHAMBERLAIN impressively, "that society owes a compensation to the poorer classes of the country, that it ought to recognize that claim and pay it, and that society must pay it before it can be admitted to have discharged its obligations." Upon the theory that society has wronged the poorer classes, and owes compensation therefor, we need not waste words. It is a proposition easy to be proved by those who affirm the doctrine of natural rights—among which they can, of course, include a natural right to greater happiness than falls to the lot of the poorer classes—and impossible of proof, or rather devoid of meaning, to any one else. Waiving this point, and further admitting, for the sake of argument, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Biblical exegesis is correct—in the passage in Exodus (xxx. 12-15) which best supports it, he will find, by-the-bye, an implied censure upon graduated taxation—it still remains to be noticed that his former use of the word ransom is not covered by his present defence of it. If "society owes a compensation to the poorer classes," that is no reason why society should compel the landowner to pay it; and that was what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN recommended. It was land which was to be ransomed, not the proceeds of successful trade, which applied to the cultivation of exotics or not. And though there are undoubtedly many passages of Scripture in which the word ransom is applied to vicarious compensation for the wrongdoing of others, we feel sure that this was not the idea which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN intended to suggest. If, pursuing his Biblical researches further, he can find an instance in which ninety-nine wrongdoers succeed in purchasing their readmission into the congregation by exacting a fine from the hundredth, and that this is described as the payment of a ransom by all, he will have something to say for the accuracy of his language, though not for the equity of his recommendations. But until he does succeed in doing this people will persist in thinking that the aptest meaning to attach to the landowner's ransom is that in which the word would have been understood, not by Moses, but by FRA DIAVOLO; and that perhaps the word "blackmail" would express with even greater exactitude the idea which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN originally intended to convey.

THE SCHOOL BOARD RATES.

TWO meetings have been held within the last ten days to look at the great Board School question from different points of view. On Saturday last the Committee of Managers of London Board Schools gathered together to talk things over at the Society of Arts, and their meeting was attended by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and various members of the Board. Several of the experienced gentlemen present gave valuable hints in school management, and it was generally agreed that the Committee might be useful in suggesting reforms. Everybody present seems to have been in an excellent humour with himself and his occupation. It fell to Sir JOHN LUBBOCK to demonstrate that there is nothing like leather—a proposition which is generally proved amid universal applause on such occasions—and he discharged the pleasing duty in a very graceful way. He not only asserted with an appropriate air of conviction that the three Rs were a cure for all human wickedness and misery, but he proceeded to prove it by figures. The School Board, according to Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, is obviously reforming this nation, because the prison population has sunk from 20,830 in 1878 to 17,200 in 1884. He also insisted with satisfaction on the small percentage of persons committed to prison who had an accurate knowledge of the useful arts of reading and writing. This style of argument is highly effective at a public meeting where nobody asks awkward questions. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK would have had some difficulty in drawing encouragement from the low percentage of educated prisoners if he had been asked what proportion of the inhabitants of Newgate could read in 1750. The *post hoc ergo propter hoc* argument might be used against himself with equal plausibility. Since 1878 there has, for instance, been a great increase in the use of the revolver by the criminal classes, while personally-conducted cases have increased, to the obstruction of the administration of justice; and, according to Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's logic, both of these things may fairly be attributed to the School Board. The friends of popular education will gain nothing by trying to erect their hobby into a species of witchcraft, or by attempting to persuade sane people that the character of mankind can be altered by school learning more effectually than by sermons.

On Monday the beauties of the School Board were looked at by other persons and from quite another point of view. In this case the last patent machinery for the elevation of humanity was considered in regard to its cost, and with a result other than a general chorus of praise. The delegates of the various rating authorities who met at the Mansion House on this occasion had nothing to say against education. Mr. W. H. SMITH, the chairman, has in his day had quite as much to do with establishing Board schools in London as the noisiest of the *illuminati* on the other side, and no one of the delegates had a word to say against the schools themselves. What they did complain of was their enormous and unnecessary cost. The evidence produced in support of the contention that the present Board has been extravagant seems conclusive. The outlay in London is not only far greater in proportion than it is in the provinces, where the same education is given, but it has increased within the last few years at an alarming rate. In one item alone—the salaries of teachers—the increase has been almost a hundred per cent. In 1873 the cost of teachers' salaries was 17. 4s. 3d. per scholar. For the current year it is 2l. 6s. There has been no similar increase in the great provincial towns, though in some of them, to judge by the grants gained, the quality of the teaching must be decidedly better. The London School Board has shown a noble taste for magnificence in its buildings, and as a natural consequence the ratepayer finds that, whereas Liverpool can house its scholars for 12l. 9s. a head, 33l. are required to do the work in St. James's, Westminster. The proportion is everywhere very much the same; even Bradford, the most extravagant or unlucky of the provincial towns, not having half the London Board figure. When every allowance has been made there can be no doubt that the difference is mainly due to prodigality in the spending of other people's money by the Board in the capital. Land and labour may be dearer, and doubtless are dearer in Westminster than in Liverpool, but they are not about three times as dear. Taking the country at large, the rate for education has diminished sensibly, but in London it has steadily increased and threatens to mount still higher. In some cases the waste seems to be deliberate—at least it is hard to account for it in any other way. According to Mr.

SMITH, the sum of 32l. per boy is spent on the training-ship *Shaftesbury*, whereas 19l. 10s. is found enough at Liverpool, and 20l. 15s. at Devonport. But not only is the outlay on the *Shaftesbury* much in excess of what is spent in the out-ports, but it exceeds the cost of the *Chichester* and the *Arethusa*, which like herself lie in the Thames, by about 7l. for each boy. The ratepayers may well ask how it is that the maintenance of a boy should cost so much more at Grays Thurrock than at Greenhithe, on the opposite side of the Thames.

At the end of this statement of facts by the Chairman, the Delegates of the Vestries, if they had had any doubt on the matter before, were perfectly prepared to take his view. Vestries are not very popular bodies. They are more usually found in the position of defendant than complainant when a charge of wasting money has been brought forward; but in the present case they are entitled to sympathy, both on their own account and because they are undoubtedly acting on behalf of the ratepayers. The extravagance for which London has smarted and will have to smart has been the extravagance of the School Board, and not of the Vestries, though these bodies have had the unpopular task of levying the money needed. As far as they go, the results of Monday's meeting were satisfactory. The delegates kept rigidly to the matter in hand, and refused to be misled into making suggestions on the vexed question of the government of London. They voted unanimously in support of Mr. SMITH's Resolution, which contained simply an "expression of opinion that the School Board had produced no results in proportion to the money it has spent," and that its prodigality must be put a stop to. This afforded a very satisfactory reason for acting, and the meeting had the ground clear for deciding on what it proposed to do. Its decisions on this point were of very unequal value. On the motion of Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS, it resolved that London shall be asked to elect business men, and not women of both sexes with fads, when the time comes for renewing the Board. By a final resolution the meeting requested the Chairman to sign a petition to the House of Commons begging it to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the extravagance of the School Board. What purpose this last resolution was designed to serve we do not know. The delegates of the rating authorities have no doubts on the subject in their own minds, and do not need the House of Commons to come and tell them that money is wasted. Perhaps the meeting felt the need of appealing to some power greater than the School Board. However that may be, there can be no doubt that a remedy may be found by acting on Mr. TORRENS's Resolution. If Londoners, instead of grumbling and submitting according to their usual custom, will exert themselves at the next triennial election, and fill the Board with the proper kind of members, they may very possibly share the good luck of country ratepayers, and find the rate diminish. The proper sort of persons, it is needless to say, are not any of the various classes of fadmongers who abound in this capital. Ladies with a passion for playing at government, and ingenious scientific gentlemen with theories, and what the New English call educationalists (meaning, we suppose, unsuccessful schoolmasters), will not be re-elected if the electors are wise. They will disappear, and in their place we shall have a Board which thoroughly understands that elementary education means a necessary minimum of learning supplied as cheaply as possible.

REVOLVERS AND CRIMES.

THE Romford murder, of which JAMES LEE was convicted at the Central Criminal Court this week, is only the most conspicuous among very recent instances of the part played by revolvers in contemporary crime. The case of Inspector SIMMONS, whom LEE shot, was a particularly lamentable one, and excited general commiseration. Mr. SIMMONS was well known in the force as a most efficient officer, and greatly respected by his neighbours for his private character. He was killed in the execution of his duty. He took so little notice of his wound that for some time he continued the pursuit of his assailant. But he died in a few days. The Inspector, with two constables, was engaged in watching LEE and a couple of his friends, who belonged to the class described as "well known to the police." The real meaning of this is that three unarmed policemen were employed in fighting three armed burglars. DREDGE, who was tried with LEE, has been acquitted of the

murder, and will be shortly arraigned on a lighter charge. But there can be no impropriety in saying that he and LEE, together with a third person who is not in custody, are professional enemies of law and order. This appears very plainly from the evidence given at the Central Criminal Court. DREDGE was asked by Police Constable MARDEN what he was doing. He immediately produced a revolver, and threatened to blow the constable's brains out. SIMMONS offered to search LEE, on which LEE, without more ado, turned and fired at him, with the result already described. The third man also had a revolver, both he and LEE firing at SIMMONS when he pursued them. This is the really important part of the proceedings. Of LEE's guilt there could be no doubt from the first, while against DREDGE there was scarcely any case at all. DREDGE was in the worst possible company, and might conceivably have committed murder if he had been then and there arrested. But he did not carry his menace into execution, and it was impossible to say that he was constructively guilty of a capital offence. The design with which LEE and DREDGE went out together was almost certainly an unlawful one. But it could not be shown that the murder of policemen was part of it, so as to make one of the gang responsible for the acts of another. We can only hope that the whole circumstances may tend to make the possession of a revolver a thing to be avoided in his own interests by every member of the dangerous classes. It is really disgraceful that the police should be expected, in their defence of society against ruffians of LEE's type, to stand up and be shot at without the means of effective retaliation. Armed criminals arrayed against a weaponless constabulary is a bad prospect for the peaceable portion of the community.

But, as we have already said, the Romford murder is by no means the only example which even the last few days have furnished of the need we have so often urged for some special legislation against offences committed with revolvers. The death of Inspector SIMMONS was a tragical enforcement of the truth that crimes of violence are making head against the ordinary penalties. The fault of ROBERT HODGSON, who ought most certainly to have been whipped, is a confirmation of it from the comic or farcical side. This estimable youth, whose age is seventeen, "persecuted," as they say, a young lady "with his attentions." As the young lady was only fourteen, he would have deserved what he got if he had been knocked down. Because the girl did not respond to his advances, Master ROBERT HODGSON sought her out where "she was walking with her nurse in a retired spot at 'Croydon,' and fired three barrels of a revolver at her, wounding her in the back. Mr. Justice HAWKINS had not the right to order this young ruffian a flogging, though if he had merely supplemented his offence by stealing the girl's pocket-handkerchief, that addition might have been made to his sentence. Mere imprisonment will not, as experience has proved, put a stop to these violent delights, which will continue to attract the ROBERT HODGSONS of this world, until it is shown that they have violent ends. Yet another trial at the last Old Bailey Sessions illustrated the pernicious ubiquity of the revolver. BERKELEY GORAN, the "gentlemanly-looking young man" who was convicted of shooting at HENRY GOODWIN, could unquestionably plead provocation, inasmuch as he had been struck with a stick. That, however, is not to our immediate purpose. The point is that GRACE and other young men were larking about in a public place with revolvers, and that when a quarrel arose shots were fired, one of which lodged in the prosecutor's thigh, and still remains there. Mr. Justice HAWKINS, of course, denounced the promiscuous use of revolvers. But these judicial denunciations, which are all very well in their way, require to be followed up by the action of the Legislature in giving judges power to bite as well as bark.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

TO those who still hold that a war with Russia is avoidable, the speech of the PRIME MINISTER in moving the Vote of Credit has naturally given high satisfaction. And not unreasonably so; for, on the assumption that the policy of the Russian Government thus far has been governed by a belief that HER MAJESTY's present Ministers would, with whatever show of outward determination, submit in the end to practically anything, there is doubtless much in

Mr. GLADSTONE's language to give them pause. It is true that, even in performing a work so unfamiliar and distasteful to him as that of setting forth a "case for military preparations," he remained curiously himself; that his view of the conduct of Russia and his choice of the points therein which appear to him worthy of special reprobation are singularly Gladstonian in their character; yet, nevertheless, it is a relief to his countrymen, and it will, no doubt, be a surprise to many Russians, to find that there is something, anything, be it a mere diplomatic punctilio, on which he can still declare himself ready to take his stand. Assuming, then, that Russia has been all along, and is still, only experimenting on a forbearance or a pusillanimity which she has hitherto regarded as unlimited, she would certainly now feel herself to have reached the point beyond which the prosecution of the experiment would become distinctly dangerous. But we can see very little ground for sharing the comfortable belief that this is the explanation of her past conduct. At the outset of the business it seemed a plausible hypothesis enough, but at each successive stage it has become more improbable. There has been little or none of that feeling of the pulse of English public opinion to which Russian statesmen are wont so assiduously to devote themselves whenever they are really desirous of gaining their ends without risk of serious rupture; there has been equally little of those pacific pretences which Russia can manufacture in any quantity when it suits her purpose. The Government of St. Petersburg has preserved, so far as the unofficial European world is concerned, an almost contemptuous silence. They have hardly troubled themselves to put any decent colour of excuse on their successive acts of aggression. The only official document which they have allowed to see the light is that ominous, but apparently authentic, despatch of M. DE GIERS in which he complains of the excessive strength of Sir PETER LUMSDEN's escort as being the cause of all the mischief that has happened since our Commissioner made his appearance on the frontier. Most important of all in the case of a country so situated, Russia has continued arming without intermission. All these circumstances appear to point to ulterior designs unlikely to be affected by any tardy show of resolution on the part of HER MAJESTY's Ministers. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, however, it is only fair to say, was eminently well calculated to set at rest all uncertainty on this score.

At the same time, it is only the extreme gravity of the subject that suppresses that lurking element of the ludicrous which makes itself felt in it throughout. It is to be expected that varying degrees of stress should be laid upon different parts of the case against Russia in different minds. Some will be chiefly impressed by the unblushing bad faith displayed by Russia in the KOMAROFF incident; others will be more moved by her stealthy advances from point to point of the territory which she agreed to negotiate about. But until Mr. GLADSTONE made his recent statement we had imagined it to be impossible for anybody to fix his attention on the former of these considerations to the almost total exclusion of the latter. Yet we should hardly exaggerate in saying that this is what the PRIME MINISTER has done. The fact—which, after all, is the bottom fact of the case, and the primary cause of the whole trouble—that Russia, from the very morrow of her agreement to a joint delimitation of the Afghan frontier has set steadily to work to appropriate piece by piece the whole of the region in dispute appears hardly to move Mr. GLADSTONE at all. His semi-sarcastic reflection upon the rapidity of this Russianizing process had reference solely to the general morality of conquest; it had, and was apparently designed to have, no bearing upon particular obligations of international good faith. This was quite clearly shown by the sentence which followed it, in which Mr. GLADSTONE spoke of "the very rapid progress" "which we have ourselves made in various parts of the 'world'; whereas, if he had formed any adequate appreciation of all that Russia's "rapid progress" in this case implies, he must necessarily have felt the irrelevance of the remark. "We ourselves," he ought to have been in a position to say, in order to say anything to the purpose, "have made very rapid progress in various parts of the world, immediately after entering into formal engagements with another European Power to remain where we were." It is just possible to interpret the PRIME MINISTER's first observation as referring merely to the Russian annexations made previously to the frontier agreement; but his language even on this

interpretation indicates precisely the same state of mind. For, if that was what he meant, then the whole of the proceedings of Russia between the date of that agreement and the conclusion of the arrangement, March 17, has dropped out of the PRIME MINISTER's story as so much immaterial incident. In either case, he would appear to see nothing censurable in the systematic violation of the agreement of last summer, while he is filled with sorrow and resentment at the breach of the "solemn covenant" of last month. Why one of the two compacts should be regarded as more solemn, from the strictly diplomatic and political point of view, than the other we are at a loss to understand. We are almost compelled to suppose that "solemn covenant" is simply synonymous with "undertaking given to me in 'person,'" and that Russian perfidy became in this case specially heinous as an abuse of the confidence of a great and good man.

With every desire to give due weight to this consideration, we can hardly regard it as sufficient in itself to justify our plunging two continents into war. Were Russia at present in possession of all she wants, and were she now to despatch General ZELENOI at once to the frontier, at the same time declaring the Pul-i-khisti incident to be in her opinion closed, the Government would unquestionably find themselves in an awkward position. To precipitate a war on the ground of the particular quarrel which they have chosen to take up would have an appearance of elaborate maladroitness. They had the most substantial grounds for such a slip made ready to their hands in the fact of the original advance. Had they broken off the frontier negotiations and declined to reopen them until Russia had retired to the position occupied by her before the delimitation agreement was concluded, their moral position would have been impregnable. Only one degree less strong would it have been if, after the collision at Pul-i-khisti, they had revived their lapsed demand on the simple ground that, whatever the immediate cause of the conflict, its primary provocation was the unjustifiable and faithless advance of the Russian forces to points on the debatable territory. But both these opportunities were let slip, and after throwing away two such excellent *casus belli*, it would be extremely unsatisfactory to fall back upon a third which is weaker and more doubtful than either. Nor shall we be much better off, if it be true, as has been several times reported of late, that HER MAJESTY'S Government have proposed to submit the merits of the Pul-i-khisti incident to arbitration. If this singularly feeble and undignified proposal has really been made, it can have only one of two equally abortive results. Either the Russian Government will absolutely reject it, and Mr. GLADSTONE will be placed in the somewhat absurd position of making war about a collision between Afghans and Russians on a provisional frontier which he never ought to have allowed to become such frontier at all; or if, as is much less probable, Russia consented to go to arbitration, the particular dispute which, in Mr. GLADSTONE's mind, appears to dominate the whole situation would be shelved for weeks and months while he apparently regards as the minor matter of the frontier was again engrossing the exclusive attention of Ministers. Judging, however, from the tenor of General KOMAROFF's second explanation, and from the *communiqué* published in the Russian *Official Messenger*, there seems little likelihood of the CZAR and his advisers agreeing to refer the conduct of his officers to the judgment of any third party whatever. They apparently propose to accept as satisfactory the General's cool statement that, "according to Russian information, a Russian outpost was already stationed at 'Pul-i-khisti'—and that, therefore—that is, because he had been misinformed—he 'felt bound for the protection of his small detachment to request the Afghan command to withdraw his troops from the left bank of the river.' It is perfectly clear upon this, as upon previous Russian statements, that Pul-i-khisti—or, in other words, the bridge-end on the left bank of the Khushk—was not in Russian, and was, as Sir PETER LUMSDEN said, in Afghan occupation; and that KOMAROFF took advantage of a loose employment of local names to manufacture an excuse for an attack on the Afghans. If the Russian Government really mean to pretend that this account of their officer ought to be accepted as satisfactory—and the comments of the *Official Messenger* appear to indicate as much—there is an end of Mr. GLADSTONE's demand. However, the chances are, and always have been, that, if war is to occur, the actual *casus belli* will be selected not by, but for,

us. The reported advance of the Russians to Marachak has been contradicted; but it will probably be some such movement as this, if not a yet more serious one, that will precipitate the struggle.

THE BUDGET.

NOBODY finds much to say about the Budget except that it might have been worse; and since there are naturally but very few people who can suggest any way of improving it, the author may fairly claim to have achieved a relative success. Mr. CHILDER'S difficulties—among which we include moral as well as material ones—must be admitted to have been great. If you are a Chancellor of the Exchequer to a Liberal Government, and are unfortunate enough to have to provide for a deficit of nearly fifteen millions by methods which shall be at the same time acceptable to those classes of the community whom you are bound to court, not too offensive to the great unfavoured public which lies outside these classes, and not too flagrantly opposed to the dogmas or even the superstitions which your distinguished chief has preached or encouraged—if that is the problem before a Finance Minister, and he merely escapes breaking down disgracefully over it, he has reason to congratulate himself. It is impossible to pretend that Mr. CHILDER has done anything more than effect this species of escape. To say that he has solved the problem before him without offence, either to principles of justice as between classes or to the doctrines which the party have always held, would be on the face of it an absurdity. The compliment would be a ridiculous one, because its insincerity would be patent in the nature of the case; for the feat with which this flattery would credit him was known from the outset to be impossible. Mr. GLADSTONE'S CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER simply could not provide for the deficit without resort to the humiliating expedient of suspending the Sinking Fund; he simply could not provide for it without violating the sacred rule that the expenses of the year should be raised out of the revenue of the year; and it was simply impossible for him to distribute taxation equitably as between the classes whom he desired to favour and those upon whom he could not in decency press much harder than he was already doing.

In every one of these respects, therefore, Mr. CHILDER'S Budget is amply exposed to the attacks which were made upon it by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Mr. CLARKE. The proposal, indeed, to raise 4,660,000*l.* by the suspension of the Sinking Fund was hardly worth Opposition attack. It is perfectly true that it is wholly inconsistent with many solemn confessions of financial faith on the part of the Government; but this is a case in which the inconsistency of a return to practical common sense shows so favourably beside the pedantry which it has displaced that censure may well be silenced. The postponement of nearly three millions of deficit to be cleared off next year affords much more substantial matter for criticism. For this there can be no justification, at least on Ministerial principles, except the unavowable one that it is as well to provide against an unfavourable issue of the next general election by leaving 2,812,000*l.* of deficit to be met by what would then be a profligate Tory Government. It is not open to Ministers to insist on the sensible principle that extraordinary military expenditure ought not to be saddled upon the particular year upon which it first becomes necessary to incur or to begin incurring it; and in default of this legitimate defence there is none other available. As for the distribution of the burdens, and the excellent doctrine laid down by Mr. CHILDER within a few feet of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to the general effect that property ought not to be compelled to pay war charges as well as ransom, we can only say that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was far more conspicuously successful in affirming than in applying it. The Income-tax, raised to 8*d.* by the imposition of another 2*d.*, will provide 5,400,000*l.* of the seven millions and a half required to be raised by additional taxation; a readjustment of the death duties will yield another 200,000*l.*; a tax on corporate property in lieu of succession duty supplies 150,000*l.* more; and a stamp duty on securities payable to bearer is reckoned to produce 100,000*l.* Thus property will contribute close upon six millions to the national charges, while the addition to the spirit and beer duties will make a demand upon the consumer for but little more than a million and a half. Tea, moreover, remaining untouched, it is clear that even these

imposts will miss a very considerable portion of the population. We can hardly allow, therefore, that this apportionment of burdens is a quite satisfactory application of the excellent doctrines from which Mr. CHILDER'S started. But these are days in which the property-owner must be thankful for small mercies. He cannot expect to like the Budget as much as if he were a teetotaler paying no Income-tax, and incurring no other risk of the death duty than is involved in the intemperate use of water; and not being thus favoured by fortune, he may be glad that he has fared no worse than he has at Mr. CHILDER'S hands.

NON COMMVEBITUR.

EN ut imber cœlo crescit,
En ut hostium grandescit
Clamor minitantium
Terram se debellatos,
Fortium spolia relatuos
Nobis in exitium.
Patet ingens fati limen,
Rapiuntur in discrimen
Proceres ac populus.
Cujus defensoris utor
Armis? unde in his adjutor
Tenebris instantibus?
Vox respondet, vox avorum:
Quo pertulimus laborum
Munus, onus, filii
Nunc tenendum, nunc ferendum;
Hoc non vobis perhorendum
Patrium quod agitis.
Dominus per nos potenter
Ultra fas superbientis
Bis confregit brachium;
Galli tumor et Hispani,
Mole corrueens immuni,
Factus est ludibrium.
Novum fulgor coruscabit
Lux antiqua, conturbabit
Tyrannorum insidias;
Stella nobis ipsa lucet,
Mirabiliter deducet
Liberorum dexteræ.

A WALK ABROAD.

"WHENEVER I take my walks abroad, How many fools I see," is well known to be, in the opinion of many good judges, the proper reading in one of what the public pleases to call Dr. Watts's hymns, though Dr. Watts himself called them something quite different. The reading has, at any rate, the merit of unquestionable truth to nature; how far it exactly describes the experience which we propose to discuss in this article every reader must decide for himself. We are going to take a walk abroad and see Archdeacon Farrar, and the Executive Council of the Conservative Association of Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush, and the Eighty Club, and several other persons. And observe that no one can accuse us of uncivilly hinting that all these persons or any particular individual or set of them are fools. The immortal bard of Southampton does not say (supposing the version quoted to be correct), "Whene'er I take my walks abroad, 'Tis only fools I see"; he left that kind of sweeping accusation to the second King of Israel when he was in a hurry. But he said, always with the same reservation, that he saw many; and so do we.

The first (not fool, of course, but person) whom we meet is Archdeacon Farrar. A week or two ago Lord Bramwell published a very delightful little pamphlet under the comfortable title *Drink*, and no one who read that pamphlet as we did, with great solace of soul, could doubt that it would cause equally great trouble in the souls of those who say "If any be thirsty, let us shut up all the public-houses." It was a very short little pamphlet—as the invaluable Mr. Knowles has reprinted it in this month's *Nineteenth Century* it does not fill more than two or three pages—but it was as wise as it was short. In fact, it would be very difficult to add much from the common-sense side of the question to what Lord Bramwell said in it. He touched lightly on the unco' guidness of the teetotalers, and on their remarkably high opinion of themselves; he pointed out that the *orbis terrarum* has always securely judged drink to be an excellent thing, and that the sensible part of the *orbis terrarum* still thinks it a very pleasant one; he made, of course, that little hit about the Marriage of Cana and a certain upper chamber which (and no wonder) always puts abstainers into such a rage; he made every possible admission as to the crimes caused by, or at least accompanying, excess of drink; and he expressed his very hearty concurrence in the meting out of heavy punishments to those who not only make a bad use of a good thing, but go and do other bad things into the bargain. He said, in the short space he took,

many other excellent things; and if he had (which we miss in his paper) advocated sharp and sudden justice on the scoundrels who adulterate and poison this one of the best of God's gifts to man, he would, so far as we can judge, have left hardly anything to be said on the subject.

Lord Bramwell is a bad cat to bell, and it is not surprising that nobody seems to have cared to bell him but Archdeacon Farrar. Archdeacons, being still comparatively young and on their promotion, are a bold and daring race, and they frequently rush in where bishops (that is to say, according to the orthodox commentators, angels) would fear to tread. Dr. Farrar begins by saying that he never heard from Temperance advocates the kind of abuse of non-abstainers which Lord Bramwell denounced. As to this, it can only be said that it proves a very judicious abstinence on Dr. Farrar's part from Temperance literature—an abstinence so judicious that we wish he had stopped at this point. But he does not. He is very much disturbed at Lord Bramwell's scorn of Mahomet, and "the great Prophet of Arabia" receives an eloquent encomium from the great prophet of Westminster. Now, considering that, as we have mentioned, Lord Bramwell duly made his point about Cana and a still more solemn subject, the contrast here, solemn as the subject is, is so intensely ludicrous that we have hardly seen anything recently quite equal to it. Here is, if not exactly a malignant and a turbaned Turk, at any rate a profane and secular judge, quoting and standing by the practice and precept of the Founder of the Christian Church. And here is an ordained priest and dignitary of the Christian Church quoting against it the great Prophet of Arabia. "Dex Aide!" cries the occupant of the more worldly Bench; "Help, Mahound!" "To the rescue, Termagaunt!" ejaculates the aspirant to the sacred one. *Flectere si nequeo* is too hackneyed to quote fully, but the torrent of miscellaneous learning ranging from the Talmud to *Anne of Geierstein*, which the Archdeacon pours on Lord Bramwell's devoted head, almost provokes it. There is, for instance, a Rabbi who discovered that there are fifteen *vau*s in the four verses describing Noah's mishap, and each *vau*, it appears further, represents a curse. This is of the order of argument which may be called a clincher, this is. And it is followed up by a whole Burton's *Anatomy* (indeed some of them perhaps have that recondite source) of classical quotations, for which, as Archdeacon Farrar knows perfectly well, twenty to one of an opposite nature could be produced if it were worth while. The rest of the article is only the old Temperance sermon over again, and needs no notice; except that, as Mr. Knowles has wickedly printed the two papers together, the contrast of its woolly declamation with Lord Bramwell's solid common sense is striking enough. But for our part we like the apology for Mahound and the devout reliance on the fifteen *vau*s so well that we hardly go further:—

Fifteen *vau*s in the verses four—
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!
Show drink is the devil, and very much more—
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!

is the reading of Mr. Stevenson's lines, which the Archdeacon would doubtless prefer, though even in the original form he must relish them.

The Archdeacon disappears imploring Mahound and Termagaunt, and the scene shifts to Hammersmith and the region where silly sheep (the stock epithet is a little happy) do beat about the bush. It seems that the Executive Council of the Conservative Association of these two places were casting about for a candidate, and they thought of Mr. H. D. Traill, which certainly does not in itself prove them to have been anything but very sensible 'zeckatives, as somebody has it. But, having proposed to Mr. Traill, or even not having proposed to him (for it is not clear that the whole proposal was not couched in some such form as "I didn't—that is, I wouldn't—I mean if I hadn't I shouldn't"), they took the rue and wrote to Mr. Traill unproposing. Now this was wonderful in itself; but the reason was as much more wonderful as in the case of the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock's tail. The Council "thought it better that some gentleman more publicly known should contest what is held to be a Radical place, and further they consider you too high-class a candidate,"

Why, you limb!
You ornary
Little-known
High-class Jim!

(if we may slightly alter Mr. Bret Harte, and change Mr. Traill's name to James) was the address in effect of the Executive Council of the Conservative Association of Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush to Mr. Traill. The address seems to have puzzled him a little, and no wonder. For, in the first place, the required combination of notoriety with low-classness is peculiar, though it may be met with in some perfection in the case of a few criminals and others; and, in the second place, why are the Hammersmith 'zeckatives so modest? or are they not modest at all, but only cynical partisans, who are convinced that for "a Radical place" you must have a very low-class candidate indeed—say, for instance, the kind of candidate who has just been delicately outlined? It must be confessed that this incident, with the corresponding and contemporary announcement that fifty members of the Eighty Club are going to be candidates, throws rather a lurid light on the chances of the next Parliament. On the one side, the requirement is that you shall be "low-class, sir! low-class and devilish notorious"; on the other, that you shall be a member of the Eighty Club, where it is apparently customary to

let the guest of one evening speak contemptuously in public of the speech which the guest of another evening has delivered. This is low-class, certainly, at least as we understand that remarkable adjective; and, as the Eighty Club takes care to advertise itself well, it is also notorious. But, taking the principles of the Conservative Hammersmith Executive and the practice of the Liberal Eighty Club together, we own that we begin to feel uncomfortable about the next Parliament. A majority of the Eighty Club or a majority of the well-known low-class persons who have moved the young affections of the Hammersmith Conservative Association seems to us, we confess, likely to be indifferently uncharming. When Mr. Carlyle was asked whether Cromwell should have a statue, he replied, according to his own account, "with sorrowful dubiety," "I'm afraid he wouldn't like it"; and, really, looking at the Eighty Club as it stands, and at the qualifications of a Parliament man as they are defined by the Hammersmith Conservative Association, we can conceive many persons, on appeal to be candidates, answering, with sorrowful dubiety, "I'm afraid I shouldn't like it."

Now in one short metaphorical walk abroad (and we met these two remarkable instances quite close together) it is certainly rather odd to find a Christian clergyman running that crack Arabian Mahomet for the Champion Moral Stakes, and to find a political association assuring a candidate that he is altogether too high-class a candidate for them. You don't find such an Archdeacon and such an Association every day, and it may even seem that a nation must be in a very odd state when you meet such an Archdeacon and such an Association at all. As one reads Archdeacon Farrar's lubrication about the great Prophet of Arabia and the fifteen *raus*, it becomes more possible than ever to appreciate the half-amused, half-puzzled way in which foreigners of eminence such as M. Renan regard these moral crazes of the Anglo-Saxon race. What man of Archdeacon Farrar's presumable ability and education, unless he was an antidiposomaniac, could gravely mention the fifteen *raus*, and suggest his opinion that "It is not worth while pausing to inquire . . . whether his (Mahomet's) mighty and beneficent influence in saving whole nations from the curse of intemperance does not go far to outweigh many of his errors"—a suggestion which, by the way, shows that the good Archdeacon has a delightfully limited idea of intemperance; that he does not know how many ways there are of killing a cat besides choking it with cream. But what shall we say of the Hammersmith Executive? How account for this incident of the Walk Abroad? Alas! it is to be feared that the intelligent foreigner might be unsafe to consult here. He might say something too unpleasant. On the other hand, if he were an amiable as well as an intelligent foreigner, he would probably say, and say truly, that, as nothing is more sensible than a sensible Englishman, so nothing can even approach in the absence of sense an Englishman who is not sensible. Which being to be demonstrated, the fifteen *raus* and the fatal high-classness of Mr. Traill may be said to have demonstrated it, or at least exemplified it with remarkable felicity.

TAMWORTH.

OF the hundreds of passengers by the Midland or North-Western lines who are daily whirled past or make a brief halt at Tamworth station, very few, probably, give a thought to the historic memories of the place. The more cultivated may, perhaps, be reminded by the sight of Ethelfleda's huge green mound crowned with the later representative of the Marmion's castle of Sir Walter Scott's spirit-stirring poem; and, although its hero is confessedly a fictitious personage—the house of Marmion having died out more than two centuries before the supposed date of the story—recall how Sir Hugh the Heron's pursuivants at Norham

Hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward and Scrivelbey,
Of Tamworth tower and town.

To the more prosaic the name will perhaps speak of the great Minister who, after his rejection at Oxford, here found a Parliamentary seat, which was only vacated by his death—in Mr. Froude's words, "the last great English statesman; the last great constitutional statesman, perhaps, that England will ever have"; whom even Carlyle, after holding him up to contempt in his *Past and Present* as "Sir Jabesh Windbag," found, on personal acquaintance, to be "happy, humane, and hopeful," pronouncing him to be "nearly the one man alive" of whom he could say he had "an authentic regard and a wish to know more of him"—the second Sir Robert Peel. To the great majority, however, Tamworth is utterly silent; stirs no thoughts, awakens no memories. It is just a railway-station, like other stations, "and it is nothing more."

And yet there are very few towns in England of which the historic interest is so great, or reaches to so remote an era, as Tamworth. For its origin we must go back to the sixth century, when the West-English conquerors, pushing their way through mid-England, planted their "worth," or fortified inclosure, in the broad green meadows at the junction of the narrow, swiftly-flowing Anker—the "sweet Helicon" of Michael Drayton, born at Hartshill, not far away—and the broader and more sluggish Tame, not many miles from the now cathedral city of Lichfield, whose name, according to one etymology, "the field of corpses," traditionally marks the site of a vast massacre of the Welshmen, which left the invaders masters of all the country between the

rivers and the high broken ground of Cannock Chase, the markland or Mercia of later times. Here, too, towards the close of the eighth century, one of the greatest of English kings, Offa, the restorer of the fallen power of Mercia, the bridle of the Welsh inroads, the contemporary and almost the rival of Charles the Great, whose daughter's hand Charles demanded for his son and namesake, planted his royal residence where he was wont to keep his Easter and Christmas feasts. Tradition ascribes to him the earthworks by which the town was defended, and which are still in many places distinctly to be traced, and are known as the "King's Ditch," or "Offa's Dyke." From this place, in 781, "in sede regali, sedens in Tamworth," Offa issued Royal charters confirming his lands to Bishop Hathored, of Worcester, and his ecclesiastics, and other religious houses. Here, too, his successor Cenwulf, in 816, "in vico celeberrimo qui vocatur Tamworth," conferred like charters on the same Worcester churchmen, as did the usurper Beornwulf, in seven of whose charters Tamworth is specially designated as a royal residence. At that time Mercia, torn with civil wars, was rapidly approaching its fall. In 828 it yielded to the arms of Egbert, and the independence of the kingdom of Penda and Offa was finally lost. Of the fortunes of Tamworth during this period we are absolutely ignorant. When there were no longer kings of Mercia it naturally ceased to be a royal residence, and its name disappears from charters. It is nearly a century before we hear of Tamworth again. It emerges from the darkness in connexion with Alfred's heroic daughter, the widow of Ethelred the Ealdorman of Mercia, and joint ruler with him during his lifetime, who, with a woman's body but a man's heart, won undying glory as her brother Edward's powerful auxiliary in his successful campaign against the invading Danes; the "virago potens, et terror virgo virorum," of Henry of Huntingdon, the renowned Ethelfleda, "Lady of the Mercians." Her husband dying early in the campaign, A.D. 912, the royal widow, undismayed, marched her whole army northwards, and seized the line of the Watling Street, securing every onward step by mound and burh. To maintain her hold on the great line of communication with the West, in the early summer of 913, as the Chronicle tells us, she marched to Tamworth, and there, just at the point where the later highway to Chester diverges from the line of the Old Watling Street, which up to this point has skirted the north-west border of the great Forest of Arden on its way to Wroxeter, at the junction of the two rivers, where a slightly rising ground breaks the level of the swampy meadows, then presenting a deep impassable morass, at the command of the "Lady of the Mercians," the greatest fortress-builder of her age, rose one of those huge artificial mounds which formed the primitive fortifications of our English forefathers. In the account of this vast earthwork, in the words of the chronicle, "She getimbered a burh." The word used points to the material of the stronghold. Fortresses of stone and mortar were at that epoch unknown. Ethelfleda's "burh" would be no more than a sort of log-hut, in the centre of the flat top of the mound, with a close palisade surrounding its crest, and perhaps another palisade or stockade at its base. Here, nine years later, just after her successful campaign against the Five Danish Boroughs had made her mistress first of Derby and then of Leicester, while her royal brother was sitting before Stamford, another member of the Danish Pentapolis, "twelve nights ere Midsummer," the heroic daughter of Alfred, the inheritor of the dauntless spirit and military genius of her father, completing the work he had begun in putting a bridle into the jaws of the Danish invaders, and turning them back by the way they came, prematurely breathed her last within the stronghold she had erected. Her body was carried to Gloucester and buried there at St. Peter's, now the Cathedral. On the news of his sister's death Edward immediately marched from Stamford to Tamworth, and without difficulty suppressed the vain attempt of the citizens to place Ethelfleda's young daughter on the Mercian throne. He sent the girl to a nunnery, and receiving the submission of the chiefs of its Welsh dependencies, the independence of Mercia, absorbed into Wessex, finally ceased. Edward's son, the lithe golden-haired Athelstan, made Tamworth one of his royal residences, and here, true to his policy of strengthening his kingdom by matrimonial alliances with foreign royal houses, in January 925 he gave his sister Edith in marriage to Sihtric, the ruler of the Danes of York, whose death left her a young widow the next year. When, eighteen years later, in 943, on Athelstan's death, the power of the Danes, so effectually curbed by Edward and his warlike sister, reasserted itself under the feeble rule of the boy-king Edmund, and Olaf and his Ostmen, with Archbishop Wulfstan of York fighting by their side, burst into Mercia, the royal city of Tamworth was, with Leicester, one of the chief objects of attack. After a severe assault Tamworth fell, and was sacked by the savage Ostmen, who carried thence much booty. This was the deathblow to the prosperity of Tamworth. But, though it ceased to be a royal residence, the royal privilege of mintage was preserved to it. Coins of the early kings, from Edward the Martyr down to his namesake the Confessor and Harold II., occur, bearing the stamp of Tamworth. Edgar, according to one traditional account, founded the collegiate church of Tamworth, which subsequently bore the name of his sainted daughter Edith, Abbess of Wilton. After the Conquest the township of Tamworth was bestowed by William on Robert of Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye, one of his Norman followers. From him it descended through four generations of Roberts. Two half-brothers of the same name, to the historian's confusion, mutually ousted one another in the stormy days which preceded and ushered

in the boy-king of Henry III.'s reign, when they took different sides, and Tamworth Castle was ordered to be razed by John in 1215, as a stronghold of his enemies, and finally the elder line died out in Philip Marmion in 1292. The younger line, sprung from the junior of the two Roberts just named, migrated to Yorkshire, and became lords of the Castle of Tanfield, near Ripon, in the church of which village are some noble tombs with Marmion's effigies. The Marmions of Tamworth were a fierce warlike race, as careless of law, human and divine, as the fictitious Lord Marmion whom Sir Walter Scott, faithful to the character of the house, has so graphically described. Tradition tells of the sacrilegious violence with which the first Marmion ejected the St. Edith's nuns of Polesworth from their home, and seized on their lands, and of the nocturnal visit paid to him by the offended saint, who stabbed him as he lay on his bed with the sharp end of her crozier, leaving a deep wound, which healed immediately on his restoration of the lands. Monastic annals also relate with righteous satisfaction how his son, as bold and impious as his father—"homo bellicosus, ferocia et astutia fere nulli suo tempore impavus," writes William of Newbury, whose castle of Fontenay was burnt by Maud's ill-conditioned husband, Geoffrey Plantagenet, in 1139—having turned the holy brethren of Coventry out of their monastery and converted their holy house into a fortress for the purpose of attacking the Earl of Chester, with whom he was at feud, riding at the head of his troops, fell into one of the pitfalls he had caused to be dug to entrap his enemy, broke his thigh, and being unable to extricate himself, had his head cut off by a common foot-soldier.

Prancing in pride of earthly trust
His charger hurled him to the dust,
And by a base plebeian thrust
He died his band before.

Philip, the last of the race, was a loyal adherent of Henry III., fighting both at Northampton and Lewes, and rewarded by the grateful monarch by being made Governor of Kenilworth Castle after its surrender, 1266.

From the Marmions Tamworth passed by marriage to the Frevilles, the last male representative of which family, Sir Baldwin Freville, died in 1418. His sister and heiress married a Ferrers, of Chartley, from whom it passed again by marriage to the Devereux, who consequently assumed the title of Barons Ferrers. The title was borne by the chivalrous but ill-fated Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. By the marriage of his daughter Dorothy to Sir Henry Shirley, the title passed after a long abeyance to her grandson, Sir Robert Shirley; and, finally, by the marriage of his great-granddaughter, Lady Elizabeth Compton, Baroness Ferrers, to Field-Marshal George Marquis Townshend, in 1751 it passed to the family of the present possessor, Lord Townshend.

Tamworth is a curious instance of a town lying half in one county and half in another. The Church, with one side of Church Street, is in Staffordshire; the Castle and the other side of the street in Warwickshire. The Staffordshire half was granted by Henry III. in 1246 to Henry of Hastings. His son and namesake was conspicuous as an adherent of Simon de Montfort in the Barons' war, in the later stages of which he played a leading part. After the crushing defeat of Evesham Hastings was one of the chiefs of the little band who, as picturesquely described by the late Mr. Green, "fell back through the darkness and the big thunder-drops" to De Montfort's stronghold of Kenilworth, of which the younger Simon (when he left the castle to join the "Disinherited" in the Isle of Axholm) constituted him governor. Here Hastings, till fairly starved out, held out stoutly for six months, the garrison harrying the country round. On the surrender of the Castle (November 1266) Hastings was specially excluded from the terms granted to the "Disinherited" by the Barons of Kenilworth. Tamworth, with all his other possessions, was confiscated, and he himself was outlawed. He was too powerful, however, to be a safe enemy; and Edward, with a wiser policy than that of his weak and vindictive father, restored him his lands and castles. The Hastings were a race of bold and ardent soldiers, whose names are continually appearing in the military annals of the time. John, the grandson of the "Disinherited," was conspicuous in the Scotch wars of the first and second Edward. His grandson, Lawrence, the eleventh Baron Hastings, shared in Edward III.'s splendid but fruitless victories in France, was created Earl of Pembroke in 1339, and was one of the victims of the Black Death in 1348. John, his son, the husband of the only daughter and heiress of the renowned Sir Walter Manny, was the commander of Edward's ill-advised expedition to Rochelle in 1372, and in the disastrous defeat by the Spanish fleet, by which a crushing blow was inflicted on the naval power of England which it was long in recovering. Pembroke himself was taken prisoner, and lingered three years in captivity in Spain. Released at last in 1375, he died suddenly at Calais on his way home, under suspicion, as was always the case with sudden deaths in mediæval times, of having been poisoned. His only son and namesake, an infant at his father's death, was killed in his eighteenth year in a tournament at Woodstock in 1389, and the line of the Tamworth Hastings became extinct.

A place of the strength and importance of Tamworth, though no longer a royal residence, could not fail to receive royal visits. Within its walls Henry II. signed the charter of Merivale Abbey. The "Merrie, pleasant and delectable Historie of King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth"—one of the most universally

popular of our mediæval ballads—brings that monarch, if not to Tamworth itself, to Drayton Bassett (Sir Robert Peel's Drayton), a mile or two from it. At Tamworth also, as Shakespeare has recorded, Henry of Richmond marshalled his forces, after breaking up his camp at Lichfield, on his way to the victorious field of Bosworth:—

From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.

It was on his night march from Lichfield that, according to the extraordinary story related by Holinshead, Henry, lagging in the rear of his troops full of anxious thought, lost his way in the dark, and, fearing lest "he should be espied and trapt by Richard's scouts," took shelter for the night incognito at "a verie little village"—identified with Hopwas, a chapelry of Tamworth, where, on the rising ground above the Tame, here crossed by a bridge of great military importance, an architect who is not afraid to be original, at the bidding of a vigorous vicar, has recently erected a picturesque half-timbered church in a style that deserves imitation. The town was three times visited by James I. in his frequent progresses. In 1619 the King was accompanied by his son Prince Charles. James was lodged in the Castle; the Prince was entertained by Mr. William Comberford, at his mansion of "the Moat," at the Lichfield entrance of the town. The house, originally erected somewhere about 1572, still stands on the low damp meadows by the side of the Tame, and exhibits a long recessed front, with steep gables and tall chimneys and square brick tower, very little altered substantially, though reduced to the rank of a private lunatic asylum.

Tamworth, as might be expected from its position commanding the passage of the Tame, played a conspicuous part in the Great Rebellion. In 1642 the Castle was garrisoned by the Royalists, and became a source of great annoyance to the Parliamentary forces who were besieging Lichfield. A contemporary account tells us how the garrison at Tamworth "did keep their holy brethren from dulling their spirits with over much sleep, in giving their several alarms no rest nor respite night and day, with some particularized skirmishes." Tamworth was taken by the Parliamentary army under Captain William Purefoy, June 25, 1643, and Lichfield, having a little before fallen once more into the hands of the Royalists, there was constant skirmishing between the two armies, keeping the whole of the intervening district in constant alarm. Both armies were maintained by forced levies on the unhappy inhabitants, who were thus ground between the upper and nether millstone. There is a curious story in the *Mercurius Aulicus* of Colonel Bagot, the Governor of Lichfield, having been insolently challenged by one of the Tamworth garrison, named Hunt, meeting him between the two towns, and flogging him back to his garrison. The Tamworth Registers contain some sad illustrations of this time of "strife and debate":—

1645, 21 March. Buried the body of Rich^{ds} Vaughan of Comberford; he was slain by the enemies at Lichfield in fighting in y^e worre. . . . Buried the body of Henry son of Thos Picard of Comberford an infant; his Father was slain by the enemy in Lichfield Close about March last.

Tamworth has the look of a well-to-do town, with thriving trades of many sorts—tapes, ready-made clothing, nails, &c., and collieries close at hand; but we cannot call it an interesting place. Some old black and white half-timbered houses still enliven the prevailing red brick, but they are but few and are yearly becoming rarer. With excellent judgment a group of new baths which the present vicar—who has already given it a hospital—is about to present to the town are to be built in this charming local fashion. There is a good number of the comfortable-looking, square, red-brick houses, with high roofs and projecting cantilever cornices, which mark the time of the early Georges. In the same pleasant English style is the Market House, standing on arches rising from Tuscan columns, with a broad pediment and glazed lantern crowning its steep roof, built at the cost of the famous Mr. Thomas Guy, the founder of the Hospital which perpetuates his name, who represented Tamworth in seven successive Parliaments. In the triangular market-place in front, which from the earliest epoch has been the trade centre of the town, stands the colossal bronze statue of the still more celebrated member for Tamworth, the late Sir Robert Peel, many of whose most important speeches were delivered from this spot.

The street names of Tamworth, as of all old towns, aid us much in reconstructing its history. The Danish occupation has left its abiding trace on the "gates" which traverse the town, such as "Aldergate" and "Gungate," the latter being said to be a corruption of "Gumpiegate," whatever that uncouth combination of syllables may mean. "Church Street" and "Market Street" tell their own tale. "Silver Street" has its parallel in almost all old towns. It leads up from the "Holloway" at the Bridgefoot, commanded by the Castle to the right and a rising ground to the left, to the Market-place, and forms the ancient entrance to the town from the east. The bridge itself, which crosses the united streams of the Tame and the Anker, and connects the two counties of Warwick and Stafford, is known as the "Lady Bridge." The idea that it takes its name from Ethelreda, the "Lady of the Mercians," is a romantic modern fancy. Its other appellation, "St. Mary's Bridge," indicates its real derivation from a statue or shrine of the Virgin which once stood upon it. The "Stone cross," now the name of a corner house, perpetuates the memory of a market-cross standing at the junction of three streets to the east of the church, on which the butchers were in former days forbidden to sharpen their knives and cleavers on the penalty of 12d. to the town chest. The "Carrefour" at another

junction of streets takes us back to Norman times, and recalls the familiar "Carfax" of Oxford. George Street is a loyal substitute of the eighteenth century for the old name of Bullstake Street, telling of the bull-baiting which at Tamworth, as elsewhere was the favourite holiday recreation of our forefathers. Many old corporations had a by-law—we do not know if it is so at Tamworth—by which butchers were forbidden under a penalty to sell bull-beef until the animal had been baited. The baiting was supposed to make the meat tender.

The Castle occupies a position commanding the bridge and the earlier ford near the east end of the south or river front of the old town. Ethelfleda's huge circular mound, about 50 feet high and 100 feet in diameter at its truncated summit, now picturesquely planted with branching sycamores, forms its chief feature. South-east of the mound, between it and the river, is a triangular platform defended by bank and ditch. The Gate-house, approached from the Market-place by a short narrow lane, readily defensible, is chiefly modern. A curtain-wall, ten feet thick, climbs the mound to the keep which crowns it, and affords a walk along the summit of its "allure." The herring-bone masonry of this wall bespeaks a very early date, but the absence of all architectural features prevents our defining its age with any precision. The mound is crowned with a multangular shell-keep, the walls of which, now picturesquely clad with ivy, contain portions of many different dates, from very early Norman to Jacobean times, which only a practised eye, such as that of Mr. G. T. Clark, can accurately distinguish. The present buildings within the shell are of brick with stone dressings, chiefly of the age of James I. Some earlier portions of Tudor date are probably the work of the "Mr. Ferrers" who in Leland's time was "dwelling in the great round tower of stone and repairing it." Entering by a kind of gatehouse, we find ourselves in a small and dreary courtyard with the high-pitched roof and heavy mullioned windows (mere stone gratings) of the Hall facing us. We can testify to the truth of Mr. Clark's estimate of this apartment:—"Its aspect is gloomy, the roof heavy and unskil'd, the windows unpleasing, the walls thin and of brick." The chief staircase at the southern end leads to the principal apartments. The withdrawing-room and study which occupy the south part are charming rooms, with large Tudor windows looking out over the river and the broad green meadows which fringe it to the high broken ground of Cannock Chase. Both have stately chimney-pieces with elaborate heraldic decorations, and are richly panelled with Corinthian pilasters and a genealogical frieze—we heard it called "geological"—like that at Hunstanton Hall in Norfolk. Many of the other rooms are dismantled, and the remoter parts of the rambling structure has so forlorn and ghostly an air that we should be sorry to be alone in it on a dark November evening. But its capabilities are great, and, by the aid of a cultured taste and an unlimited purse, it might easily be made to blossom forth into much stately beauty. When we remember that in the time of the first Sir Robert Peel, about 1792, the Castle was used as a cotton-mill, and that the Hall became a blacksmith's shop, we may reasonably hope that its present condition is only one onward step in its rise, and that better days are in store for it. The Castle mill, worked by the Anker, close above the Lady Bridge, occupies the site it did, it may be a thousand years ago. Now it is a large modernized brick establishment far too thriving for a thought of the picturesque to intrude. As late as Elizabeth's reign this was the only mill open to the inhabitants of Tamworth. Sir Humphry Ferrers applied for and obtained an injunction from the Court of Exchequer forbidding the townsmen to carry their corn elsewhere to be ground or even to use handmills at home. If not ground at his mill, the Tamworthians must have no flour or meal at all.

The Church is dedicated to St. Edith; but to which of the three sainted Royal Saxon ladies bearing that name we will not take upon us to decide. Edgar's daughter, the Abbess of Wilton, at whose supposed sanctity Canute is reported to have mocked and to have been effectually convinced of his error by the offended saint, is the most probable claimant. It stands on the highest ground of the town. It was formerly a collegiate church, with a Dean and six Prebendaries, suppressed and dispersed at the Reformation. The endowments are in private hands, and the *soi-disant* dean is a layman. Who was the founder cannot be stated with accuracy. Even in Leland's time there was no certainty about it. The ancient tradition assigned the foundation of the College to Edgar; others to Robert Marmion, and that he thought was "more like to be true." It may have been an act of reparation for Marmion's sacrilegious expulsion of the nuns, of which we have spoken above. Some walls of the Deanery are still standing to the east of the Church; the masonry has been thought to be Saxon, but it is more probably not earlier than Norman. The Church is a stately edifice, with a massive western tower of considerable dimensions, presenting a very interesting architectural history. The original fabric was Early Norman, cruciform in plan, with a central tower. This tower, as has been so often the case, was subsequently entirely removed, together with the eastern and western lantern arches. The arches to the north and south remain untouched. The mouldings are heavy and the carving coarse. They rise from perfectly plain square recessed piers. The Norman wall remains on the south side nearly to the end of a very long chancel. One unaltered Norman window at the west end now opens into the outer sacristy, where the pilaster buttresses of the original south wall are distinctly visible. A small portion of Norman work at the west end of the south aisle of the nave proves that while the

Church has increased greatly in width, its length remains practically the same as when first erected. There was a great rebuilding after a conflagration in A.D. 1257, which converted the Church into a Decorated building, to which in still later times a Perpendicular clerestory, continuous from end to end, has been added. The roofs throughout are low and plain; unworthy of the Church. The removal of the lantern arches and this prolonged clerestory, of thirteen windows on each side, has imparted an unusual effect of space and height, which is increased by the absence of any chancel screen, save a grille of Renaissance ironwork, in which, greatly to its injury, great pointed holes have been cut by one of the "eminent architects" under whom the Church has successively suffered. Whether there were aisles to the Norman nave or not is uncertain. Those added in the fourteenth century were of so great a width as entirely to absorb the transepts. The arcade dividing the aisles from the nave has noble, well-proportioned arches springing from clustered piers. The chancel has, properly speaking, no aisles. To the south are large sacristies. To the north stands St. George's Chapel, as wide as the transept and entirely shut off from the chancel. No communicating arcade was ever formed, and the old Decorated windows which still remain in the north wall look into the chapel, while below them three richly cusped monumental recesses, containing monumental effigies of the Ferrers (one of whom, a certain Lady Dorothy, bequeathed her best satin gown to make an altar-cloth for the Church), pierced right through the wall, face both the chancel and the chapel. The arrangement is curious and not devoid of picturesqueness. The east window resembles the celebrated east window of Dorchester-on-Thames in being divided into two halves by a heavy central block of masonry, which cries out for decoration. Perhaps a niche containing a statue of the patron saint would be the most effectual mask of an acknowledged eyesore. The tracery, like that of too many of the windows, is entirely modern, due to the inventive powers of the "eminent architect" already referred to, who some thirty years ago was allowed to play and tricks with the building, altering the levels, putting in false bases, designing windows and doors entirely out of his own head, to the complete bewilderment of those who desire to trace the architectural history of the fabric. Happily the Church is now in safer hands, and we may rest assured that no more such falsifications of its history will again be perpetrated. A huge mass of monumental marble, thirty feet high, presenting two life-size, beperiwigged, kneeling effigies of the Ferrers, with hand on heart, gazing out appealingly on the passers-by, bearing an epitaph written by Sir William Dugdale in 1678, which long encumbered the chancel and concealed the sepulchral recesses of their ancestors, has been removed to the tower. We think that even the "Society for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead" will condone the act. The tower itself, of Perpendicular date, is low for its great breadth. Each angle turret carries a tall spirelet, and a central spire was begun but not raised above the first stage. One of the turrets contains a curious and perhaps unique double newel-stair, or "vyce," one stair above the other, both opening on the leads of the tower, but one communicating only with the inside of the Church and the other with the churchyard. Beneath the south aisle is a vaulted crypt, or ossuary, once filled with bones but now empty. On the north wall are the admonitory jingling lines:—

O dominus dives non omni tempore vives;
Fac bona dum vivis post mortem vivere si vis.

In the vestry is preserved a memorial of the bibulous propensities of former bellringers at the beginning of the century in the shape of a huge earthenware pitcher, capable of containing some two gallons of ale, with a catch-hold in front to steady the vessel when pouring out, bearing the inscription in coarse letters, burnt into the clay, "Tamworth Ringers, 1805."

The series of registers reaches back to very early times, and is fairly complete. They contain many curious entries, especially at the time of the Great Rebellion. In 1643 one Mr. Theophilus Lord was "called to be the preacher of Tamworth by the Government and Toune, but was forbid to do any service publickly save preaching as his duty." By the following March, however, Mr. Lord had enlarged his ministerial powers, which he employed in the charitable manner shown in the following entry:—"Buried the body of Florence, daughter of William Parkes. *Cast into the ground the body of Ellen, wife of Rich. Essex, a popeling.*" Such a man was exactly to the mind of the then ministerial party, and two months after this hideous display of religious bigotry we read:—"May, 1644.—The noble Committee of Safety of Co. of Warwick at Coventry sitting desired Theophilus Lord, their preacher, to supply the whole duty of the Minister in Tamworth, the former man, that challenged the place to be his, going away 2 months ago and never acquainting the Committee with his mind." Seven long years Tamworth groaned under Mr. Theophilus Lord's intolerance. We turn a few pages, and find the entry of his burial—July 13, 1651.

M. RÉGNIER.

THE great actor who died on Monday last, at the ripe age of seventy-eight, is probably little more than a name even to those who take a keen interest in the fortunes of the Comédie Française. Thirteen years have elapsed since he left the stage, and, during the whole of his connexion with the theatre, his name was never brought prominently forward in connexion with the heroes of Molière, Racine, and Corneille, who confer immor-

tality on those who impersonate them successfully. And yet few actors have had a larger share of that *feu sacré* which inspires the real dramatic artist; not one, we venture to assert, has left a more indelible impression of power on those who were fortunate enough to see him. In his own country his reputation probably ranks higher than in ours. He belonged to the Comédie at a time when it was essentially a Parisian theatre, unvisited by strangers, except the cultivated few who went there for literature instead of fashion; and the parts in which he first became a popular favourite—Figaro, Scapin, Gros-René, Pasquin, and the like—are so essentially French that few foreigners can appreciate their peculiar flavour. It was only towards the end of his career, when he undertook certain modern parts, which—thanks to his rendering of them—achieved a great success, that his name became widely known, and his talents recognized as they deserved to be in other countries beside his own.

François-Joseph-Philocles Régnier was born in Paris in 1807. It is said that he played the *Roi de Rome* when he was only four years old, in a piece called *Paris, Rome, et Vienne*, brought out at the Odéon to celebrate the birth of Napoleon's heir. If this story be true—and we see no reason to doubt its authenticity—his family must have had some connexion with the stage. Young Régnier, however, was sent to a school presided over by the Brethren of the Oratory, where he is said to have been a hard-working and distinguished pupil, and to have been intended for a painter or an architect. Like our own Charles Mathews, he soon threw architecture aside, and in 1826 made his *début* as an actor at the little suburban theatre of Montmartre. In the following year he played with success at Versailles in a performance given by the Comédie Française, replacing an absent actor as Pasquin in Marivaux's brilliant comedy, *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*. As at this time—if the date of his birth be correct—he could not have been more than twenty years old, it is clear that his vocation for the stage must have been very decided to have enabled him to make his mark by the side of the distinguished artists with whom an accident had associated him. After this successful *début* we find him in the provinces, playing at Metz and Nantes, where in those days there were good permanent companies; and, finally, after four years of hard work, he returned to Paris as a member of the company of the Théâtre du Palais Royal, where he appeared in June 1831. He had signed an engagement there for three years; but the manager soon found that he had obtained the services of an artist who would be better employed elsewhere, and cancelled the engagement on condition that he went to the Théâtre Français. It is worth noticing—at a time when the Paris Conservatoire is being insisted upon as an institution deserving of immediate imitation in this country—that Régnier made a successful *début* as an actor without any preliminary training whatever, except what he may have obtained for himself by taking lessons in elocution, practising in private theatricals, and attending theatres as a spectator. In his case this somewhat desultory training was evidently sufficient to enable him to give distinct promise of future excellence, which was developed by the four years of provincial experience. It is the fashion nowadays to despise this sort of training; but those who do so forget the importance of being compelled to learn in quick succession parts of the most diverse character in farce, comedy, drama, tragedy, and to try to develop them before audiences which are ever on the watch to vindicate their position as critics by exposing the slightest defect of memory or fault of gesture. Régnier's biographer and friend, M. Georges d'Heyll, from whose careful researches we borrow these details, has computed that he appeared in more than two hundred different parts in these four years. Many of these were probably extremely short; but the enumeration of their total number is sufficient to show the versatility which must be engendered in such a school.

At the Comédie Française, where Régnier made his *début*, November 6, 1831, he appeared on seven successive days, first as Figaro in *Le Mariage de Figaro*, secondly as Figaro in *Le Barbier de Séville*, and subsequently in five similar characters, of which the most important are his old part of Pasquin, and Gros-René in Molière's *Dépit Amoureux*. He is said to have been thoroughly successful from the first, and to have rapidly risen in popular favour. These artificial *valets de comédie*, however, which are all but variations on the same string, are not sufficient to establish an artist's reputation; and it was not until M. Scribe brought out *Bertrand et Ratón* in 1833, in which Régnier played Jean, the amusing and mischievous shopman, that the public began to appreciate him as his talents deserved. After this his career was a succession of triumphs, and each new part of importance which he assumed was eagerly watched for, and its peculiar excellences were discussed and debated alike by audience and by critics. The same industrious researcher whom we have already quoted has discovered that during the forty-one years which Régnier spent at the Comédie he assumed in all exactly two hundred and fifty-one parts. In those days new pieces were much more frequent than they are now, and many of these parts belonged to plays which either failed or had but a transient success; but there are some which will be familiar to most of our readers, as, for instance, Don Annibal in *L'Aventurière*, Julian Chabrière in *Gabrielle*, Michonnet in *Adrienne Lecourteur*, Noël in *La Joie fait Peur*, Henri Dumont in *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, and the traveller in *Le Village*. Of all these parts, except Michonnet, we can speak from personal recollection. Régnier was one of those actors who, once seen, can never be forgotten. If we had to sum up his characteristics in one word, we should employ that misused substantive

"earnestness." The personality of the actor was lost in the character which he assumed. Even in parts where he had not the assistance of costume or "make-up" he was never Régnier, but always the personage intended by the author. His small, delicate features, thin lips, and spare figure could never, even in his younger days, have enabled him to produce those broadly comic effects which are so delightful in his friend and pupil M. Coquelin. (The *St. James's Gazette*, by a very odd blunder, has said that M. Got was Régnier's pupil. Now M. Got began learning in 1841. Régnier began teaching in 1854.) Régnier's valets were more remarkable for cunning and readiness of resource than for reckless gaiety, and he indicated his sense of the inferiority of his opponents by a contemptuous laugh which would have become Mephistopheles. His Don Annibal was wonderfully picturesque. He was the soldier of fortune stepped out of a canvas by Spagnoletto—bronzed, weather-beaten, scarred, ragged; with all the swaggering airs of a man who is at once a bully and a coward. In this creation his early training in Beaumarchais and Molière was easily recognised; but gradually, as he became older, he assumed parts which he made peculiarly his own, and in which he had no rival. Probably no actor has ever played a serious part in modern dress as Régnier played it. He sought no help from facial grimaces or bodily contortions; he would have scorned to express emotion by flinging himself on to a sofa and embracing the pillows; he did, simply and impressively, what the person represented would have done in the circumstances, and looked as he might have looked had he been called upon to bear the sudden shock of some terrible calamity. Régnier's light easy manner in the opening scenes was only a bubble on the surface; and when the crisis came the burst of emotion was all the more terrible from the calm which had preceded it. Not less remarkable, in a very different way, was his Michonnet and his Noël, both of whom, it must be remembered, are old men. Here, again, his power of impersonation stood him in good stead. In both he became the person represented so successfully that we have heard a very competent judge of acting say that in the last act of *Adrienne Lecourteur*, where Régnier and Rachel were on the stage together, it was difficult to decide which moved the audience most—the dying actress or the old stage-manager sobbing over his pupil. Equally wonderful was his creation of the old servant in *La Joie fait Peur*, of which M. Got still preserves for us a faithful, but by no means servile, imitation. It was in this part that Régnier took his farewell of the stage, April 10, 1872, after forty-one years of laborious service as an actor at the Comédie Française. For many years he continued to aid the Theatre with advice and instruction; but he could never be prevailed upon to reappear, though many parts of great interest were offered to him; and we believe that M. Victor Hugo would have asked him to play Triboulet in *Le Roi s'Amuse* had he not known that the request would certainly be met with a refusal.

TRAWL FISHING.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Trawl Fishing will, we fear, fall a long way short of the expectations that were formed of it when the inquiry was instituted more than a year and a half ago. It is marred by two serious defects—a failure to appreciate the value of evidence, and a want of boldness in suggesting remedies. The subjects which the Commission was appointed to investigate divide themselves under two headings, which should be kept entirely distinct; and in this respect the Report is quite correctly framed. The line and drift-net fishermen complain in the first place that, while their tackle is out, the trawlers come along, and, either with malice prepense or by want of care, sweep past them, violently breaking or carrying away parts of the gear. This, of course, is an old story; and attempts have been made ever since 1868, by means of both municipal and international Acts, to put a check upon the injurious proceedings of the obnoxious craft. It is needless to recapitulate the provisions of these enactments, for the Commissioners admit that they are inadequate to afford to the sufferers that protection to which they are entitled, and that some largely-extended powers must be given to the Fishery officers and other authorities to cope with an acknowledged evil. For this purpose they recommend that the identification of the offenders should be made more easy by compelling them to paint their registered number and letters on the quarter of their vessels as well as on the bow; but it is manifest that this is only a very short step in the right direction, and one, moreover, which will be of no benefit whatever at night, during the time when the greatest amount of damage is done. Probably the only efficient remedy would be to put an entire stop to trawling at night; but this suggestion the Commissioners altogether disapprove. It would no doubt be too severe a measure to adopt at all generally; but we confess an inability to see why certain districts should not at certain times of the year be kept free from trawlers, and we fail to find in the Report any valid reasons for refusing such a modified form of restriction. Supposing, however, that a trawler which has wilfully or heedlessly damaged a line or drift-net has been identified, the Commissioners further admit that the remedies now provided by law are inadequate for their intended purpose. The expense and waste of time involved in a civil suit for damages usually prevent the sufferers from going to law, while the penal provisions of the Acts of 1868 and of 1883 have proved still more

inoperative, owing chiefly to doubts as to the jurisdiction of the criminal courts, and to the responsibility for costs which, under the former Act at least, was cast upon the prosecutors. The 8th recommendation made in the Report suggests a more speedy and inexpensive mode of recovering compensation; and this is perhaps the most valuable and practical of all the proposals made in it. But a hardly less urgent requirement is the institution of a far more efficient staff of sea police. At present the officers of the Scotch Fishery Board are condemned to set about their duties of supervision in two miserable old vessels which were described by Professor Ewart as "practically useless." One is a wretched gunboat forty years old, appropriately named the *Jackal*, and the other a cutter, misnamed the *Vigilant*, which is too absurdly inefficient even to be used for the work. England has no Fishery Board; and such authorities as exist are even worse off than the Scotch. It is obvious, therefore, that one of the first measures imperatively required is a fitting out of some powerful steam cruisers to be placed at the disposal of the supervising officers. Thus much the Report suggests; and although, as we have hinted, the proposals on this side of the question might have been more wide-reaching, and expressed in more forcible language, still they are all based upon a correct view of the abuses now existing.

The same thing cannot be said of that part of the Report which relates to the second series of complaints made by the aggrieved fishermen. These charge the trawlers with having seriously diminished the stock of sea-fish and destroyed, not only the food they live upon, but also the very ground upon which they live. It is alleged, first, that the dragging of the trawl-irons at each end of the beam and of the chain or heavy rope between them, which touches the bottom, crushes and kills the small fish, the spawn, the small and soft crustaceæ, and also tears up or lacerates and spoils the animal and vegetable products which serve as food for various kinds of fish. Secondly, that, by the same action of the iron heads and chain, if not of the beam itself, the bed of the sea is torn up and disturbed to such an extent that the fish either cannot or will not remain there. Mr. Owston, of Scarborough, says:—"I believe the places where there was rough ground were the places that the fish went to dwell on. When it is all torn up there cannot be any food for the fish to resort to. I believe the trawl-net has destroyed the food. The cod-fish at times will come in, but they will not stop there, because there is no food for them." Thirdly, it is said that the trawlers do actually bring up in their nets, especially when the mesh is small, considerable quantities of immature fish, most of which are perhaps thrown back into the sea, but in a state so damaged that they cannot live, partly by reason of the pressure of the net itself or rubbing against the side of the vessel, and partly by being trampled under foot on the deck of the smack. Finally, there is a strong and most natural impression that the waters round our shores are overfished, and becoming exhausted. For this result, if it is established, the trawlers, and more especially the steam trawlers, must be held responsible. It may be argued that the sea is free to all, and that the trawlers have as much right to be there as the others. But this is a rough and ready argument that will not really hold water. If trawling by itself could be shown to be destined to exhaust the stock, whereas line and drift fishing could not, and if it were evident that one sort of occupation must give way, it would be impossible to resist the conclusion that the trawlers should go first. Such are the articles of impeachment formulated by the more antiquated class of fishermen, who use lines and floating nets, against the owners of trawling vessels. And they are supported by an enormous mass of evidence given by practical men from all parts of the English and Scotch coasts. It was, of course, hardly to be expected that trawlers themselves should come and foul their own nests by declaring that they had spoiled the supply of fish. But even these men admitted freely the great decrease in many sorts of fish that had occurred since the introduction of steam trawling. A great many men, moreover, who had been trawlers, but had retired or betaken themselves to other sorts of fishing, came forward and denounced the beam trawl as a barbarous and destructive style of fishing. Some of these undoubtedly had interested motives in thus attacking a rival handicraft; but others seem to have been impartial critics, and their view is supported strongly by the testimony of the fish-curers and fish-dealers, who could, as one may suppose, have had no particular object either in over-stating the extent of the decrease in sea fish or in attributing it to the action of the trawlers unless these latter were really accountable for it. Again, there is the mute but cogent evidence afforded by a serious rise in the price of best fish—a fact which was virtually undenied, although it seems to have escaped the attention of the Commissioners. Had there not been a substantial falling off in the supply of live fish, it is quite clear that with the improved apparatus now used and the increased number of vessels there must have been a diminution in prices at the fish markets.

This evidence, strong as it is, has made but little impression upon the Commissioners. They admit that within territorial waters there has been some decrease in flat fish and haddock; but, instead of declaring that the loss has occurred all along the coast, they for some reason confine the admission only to certain coasts or districts. And in extra-territorial or "offshore" waters they deny that there has been any decrease of take, except in the case of soles. The expression "decrease of take" is not a good one, for the object of the inquiry was to ascertain, not whether more boats, going longer voyages, as they do now, could catch an equal number of fish, but whether each boat, fishing as it did some

years ago, could make as good a living out of it. If not—and the Commissioners apparently think not—they should have declared frankly that the supply is diminishing. But, besides denying that general decrease in cod, ling, whiting, and many other fish which is so strongly asserted in the evidence, the Commissioners also contradict the statement that spawn and immature fishes are destroyed by the trawl, and make very light of the injury done by it to the food of fish. In thus pooh-poohing the evidence of scores of practical men who have spent their lives in sea-fishing they rely almost entirely upon the testimony of scientific persons. They have developed a theory that the spawn of edible fish floats and does not lie on the bottom; and, if they are correct, this would no doubt dispose of the contention that ova are crushed and spoiled by the trawl-rope. It does not, however, appear that even the Commissioners themselves are at all sure as to the truth of this comfortable theory. The next charge is met by the evidence of Professor McIntosh, who was appointed to specially supervise certain fishing operations, and who did with his own eyes observe the shooting and hauling in of the nets on steam-trawler on ninety-three occasions. He found that some few immature fish were brought up by the net, but that most of them were dabs and other species of trifling value, and that small crabs or lobsters very rarely came up. This result seems to have proved to him and to the Commissioners who appointed him that small fish and small crustaceæ are not, as a rule, damaged by the beam or rope or irons. We doubt very much whether it will satisfy other people, who cannot help remembering that a net with wide meshes offers singularly good opportunities for undersized fish, whether alive or dead, to escape from it before they are drawn up from the sea-bed to a boat's deck. A similar verdict, open to a very similar criticism, is given by the Professor as to the alleged damage to the food of fishes. Such damaged food was not brought up in the nets; ergo, there was no damage done. Such is the reasoning; and it is not of a kind to carry general conviction. One other passage in the summary of conclusions contained in the Report deserves to be mentioned, as it shows how completely the Commissioners misunderstood at times the object of their inquiry. They assert that "it has not been proved that the use of the beam trawl is the sole cause of the diminution of fish in territorial waters." Now no one in the world ever pretended that it was the "sole" cause, although there are obvious temptations to a bad punster to take liberties with the expression. The question was, not whether trawl fishing had decreased the number of fishes, while seining and lining had by some miraculous means increased it, or at least done it no harm, but whether the havoc wrought by the trawler, and especially by the more modern steam trawler, was not so much greater than that done by old-fashioned systems of fishing, that if persevered in it would eventually ruin the British sea fisheries. This vital question the Commissioners have shirked, sheltering themselves behind a plea that it is "impossible," in the absence of statistics and observations, "to discover the causes or measure the fluctuations of the fisheries." We have, perhaps, a somewhat vague idea what the last sentence was intended to mean, but whatever it may have been, we are quite sure that there was enough evidence before the Commissioners to enable them, if they were so minded, to give a far more vigorous expression of opinion, and advise some much more effectual measures than they have done.

THE VOCAL ACADEMY.

THE pupils of the Vocal Academy for many years associated with the name of the late Mme. Sainton gave their final concert last week at Prince's Hall. Henceforth the institution will be under the name and direction of Mrs. Trickett, the sister of Mme. Sainton, who was for many years her associate in its management. The special object of the concert was the first performance of a cantata for female voices which Mme. Sainton had completed a few weeks before her last illness, and which she earnestly desired should be given at the concert, as long previously arranged. It was in accordance with her wishes, as well as affording a worthy tribute to her memory, that "Florimel" was presented to the public. The lamented composer considered the cantata peculiarly representative of her powers, and she had anticipated hearing it with great interest and pleasure. The result amply justified her judgment of the work. It is distinguished by rare freshness and melodious beauty, the solo parts are skilfully characterized, and the choral numbers reflect the true spontaneity of inspiration. Under M. Sainton's conduct, with Mr. Leipold at the piano, the work was heard with exceptional advantages. The choruses, which are sufficient tests of executive ability and sound training, were rendered by the young ladies with perfect precision and ensemble. Miss Fanny Moody, Miss Hyde, and Miss Amy Foster, who undertook the solos, acquitted themselves like artists who may confidently look for success in the future. Among the more striking numbers are the bright and animated opening chorus, "Peace and plenty"; the duet "Welcome, sister," in which the solo voices are supported with happy effect by the chorus; the picturesque and expressive chorus in E minor "O follow," with its changeable rhythm and delicate harmonies; the suave and melodious trio, "Thou alone," a canon in three; and the chorus in D minor, "See, from the casket," moving and dramatic in effect. The efficiency of the Academy was further demonstrated in

Spontini's "Morning Hymn," from *La Vestale*, and in Mr. Berthold Tours's chorus, "The stars beyond the cloud." Miss Mary Willis sang Rossini's "Non più mesta" with a brilliance and facility of execution seldom attained by the mezzo-soprano voice. Miss Fanny Moody's rendering of "Robert, toi que j'aime" was distinguished by its exquisite finish and the good taste that avoids the introduction of cadenzas. The second part of the programme was devoted to the songs of Mme. Sainton, and several old favourites, such as "He thinks I do not love him," "A voice from Heaven," and "Out on the Rocks," were excellently sung by Miss Amy Foster, Miss Hilda Coward, and Miss Willis. Mr. Edward Lloyd sang an excerpt from Mme. Sainton's "Thalassa," an unpublished cantata, with irreproachable art. One other item that was prominent among the successes of the evening was the performance of Maurer's Concertante for four violins, by Miss Winifred Robinson, Miss Gates, Miss Cheetham, and Miss Cocks, whose tone and execution must have proved not less satisfactory to their master, M. Sainton, than to the audience.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

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TO the stereotyped question, "Is the Grosvenor good this year?" it is possible to return an affirmative; and the degree of merit which enables us to do this is even more satisfactory than might at first appear, for it is reached notwithstanding the fact that for the first time since the summer exhibition of the Grosvenor was opened there are no pictures by Mr. Burne-Jones. Both by his admirers and detractors the Grosvenor has always been specially associated with Mr. Burne-Jones's art, and it was felt in anticipation that a Grosvenor without any pictures by him would hardly be a Grosvenor. There are a few other absentees whose works have been themes of controversy or of admiration in former years. Conspicuous among these should be mentioned Mr. Whistler and Miss Clara Montalba.

To give, in the beginning, brief account, Mr. Watts contributes five pictures, illustrative of the great variety of his powers as a painter of landscape, allegory, and portraits. The landscape "Ararat" (172) gives the deep blue solemnity of the peaked mountain, dim and dark against the blue of the sky. The whole picture is in one tone; and the truth as well as the beauty of its colour will be easily recognized by all who have had the good fortune to take part in mountain expeditions before sunrise, when the whole mountain world is steeped in blue of varying degrees of intensity. The portrait (140) of Mrs. F. Myers is a good example of Mr. Watts as a portrait-painter; the other portraits (62) of Miss R. Gurney and (344) of the late Lord Hobart are less striking; but Mr. Watts's chief work of the year is "Love and Life" (30), designed as a companion to the picture of "Love and Death" which was exhibited a few years ago. Love is here made beautiful in the strength of early manhood; his winged figure leads on and supports the helpless, almost fainting female figure that symbolizes Life. He leads her up the dangerous rocky steep where she could not but fall were his aid withdrawn; he is her sure guide over places where a fall must mean instant destruction. The distance shows the deep blue of the sheer precipices, and the background is brightened by iridescent clouds. The tone of colour throughout is light.

With the exceptions previously mentioned, nearly all the chief artists of the day are represented in this year's Grosvenor. Sir Frederick Leighton, it is true, has only one small study, the back of a girl's head (80); but Mr. Millais, Mr. W. B. Richmond, Mr. Alma Tadema, and Professor Costa have all contributed good work; while Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. F. Holl, and Mr. Napier Hemy also send contributions. Mr. Millais's portrait of the Prime Minister (54) will provoke comparison with the one he painted about five years ago. The new portrait represents Mr. Gladstone in the scarlet and crimson D.C.L. gown; the contrast of the mass of colour heightens the pallor of the face, which is seen almost full; the painting of the eyes is especially fine. Mr. Millais's only other picture is a pretty child's head of his niece, Miss Margaret Millais.

Mr. W. B. Richmond contributes no less than ten pictures, one of which occupies a principal place in the large room, and is the one on which it is well known that the artist has been long engaged. It represents a part of the audience at the theatre at Athens during the representation of the *Agamemnon*: the moment chosen is that when Clytemnestra announces herself as the murderer of her husband. Of this we shall have more to say hereafter. So with Mr. W. B. Richmond's portraits, of which it is possible to speak with almost unqualified praise, a detailed notice must be reserved for another occasion. Mr. Richmond has also contributed a very beautiful and poetical landscape, a result of his travels in Greece which some may perhaps value more than his more ambitious picture. A captious critic might complain that in "Athens in a Mist, from the Road to Eleusis" (87) there is considerably more mist than Athens; but this is a matter of little importance compared to the solid satisfaction to be derived from a really lovely bit of landscape.

Professor Costa has a beautiful painting of the sea with a little island dimly seen to the right under a flush of sunset-tinted cloud. "The Seashore" (40) has been seen in London before, at the exhibition of the Fine Arts Gallery. The impression it conveys is that of great loneliness, almost of desolation. Mr. Eugene Benson, Mr. Corbett, and in some degree Mr. David Murray,

appear to have been under the same good influences which affect the work of the Italian master. Mr. Alma Tadema receives the flattery of imitation in Mr. Matthew Hale's "In the Days of Phidias" (44). The best work sent by Mr. Alma Tadema is the very lovely "Expectations" (81). This is a most exquisite piece of colour; for pure delight in beautiful gem-like colour there is nothing in the exhibition that can beat it; the sapphire sea, the deep rose purple of the thickly-blossoming judas (?) tree, the sunlit marble, and the greenish robe of the maiden whose "expectations" are centred in the little skiff skimming across the bay, make the act of looking at this picture a physical luxury. A very striking picture has been contributed by Mr. Mitchell. His "Hypatia" (111) is a remarkable achievement; the vigour and power of the drawing of the figure give the picture great distinction, and justify the prominent place given to it in the Exhibition.

The Academy is, on the whole, disappointing; the great people are not at their best, and, with the exception of a really splendid portrait by Mr. Herkomer of Miss Katherine Grant (360) and a fine picture by Mr. John Collier of Circe (810), there is comparatively little that on a first view arrests attention and admiration. There are, no doubt, many good pictures; but, like the soul of goodness in things evil, their discovery requires a process of distillation which is somewhat laborious. The total number of works of art exhibited exceeds two thousand. A large new water-colour gallery has been thrown out of gallery No. 2, filling the space formerly occupied as the refreshment-rooms; and there are now in all eleven galleries for oil paintings, besides the three halls for sculpture, a small room leading out of the water-colours for black and white, and a separate gallery for architectural drawings.

Mr. Orchardson has a large picture full of portraits of the salon of Mme. Récamier (172). The picture is full of vitality and character, and the grouping is particularly well arranged.

Mr. Millais's principal picture of the year is called "The Ruling Passion" (212). An old ornithologist, enfeebled by illness, is propped up on a sofa, and, wrapped in dressing-gown and blankets, with spectacles on nose, is showing his treasures of brilliant plumaged birds to eager groups of children. Two chubby boys lean over the invalid from the far side of his sofa, their rosy young faces contrasting with the old man's pallor; two other children and a lady are also peering over to see the bright scarlet bird in the old man's hands; and at the foot of the sofa sits a girl, with whom Mr. Millais has made every one familiar in former pictures, with the long brilliant green feathers of a paroquet trailing from her hand. Strange feathered monsters, half in and half out of their packing-cases, further illustrate "the ruling passion." Mr. Millais has one other picture in the large room—a portrait of one of Lord Rosebery's little girls, "Lady Peggy Primrose" (275), which is a companion picture to that of "Lady Sybil Primrose," by the P.R.A. (281). The President's principal work is in this room, the frieze "Music" which he has painted for Mr. Stewart Hodgson. It represents an elevated terrace, with slender pillars and trellised vines. The look of height is given by showing the peaks of a distant mountain range in the background, a very beautiful outline. A golden statue of the goddess occupies the centre of the frieze, and on either side are a series of graceful figures, some singing, some playing on the lyre, some reclining and listening. A particularly lovely group of three singing children on the left recalls some of the figures in Luca della Robbia's marble frieze of singing children at Florence. Mr. Briton Rivière's "Sheep Stealers" (24) is a bright moonlight scene. The thieves, one a man and one a dog, are cowering behind a low wall; the furtive attitude of the man is very expressive, and the upraised hand with which he enjoins silence and caution on his companion is equally good. On the other side of the wall, across the rolling moorland, the silly sheep are coming in troops towards their enemies. Mr. Frank Dicksee only contributes one picture this year, "Chivalry" (53), to which, as to others, we shall return hereafter.

Mr. Holl has some exceptionally fine portraits in this year's Academy. Among his most noteworthy portraits are those of Lord Dufferin (211), of Lord Hampden, the late Speaker (213), and of Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia (219). Mr. Long has sent his usual contingent of Eastern maidens, with large, tearful, dark eyes and mournful expression. Mr. Alma Tadema sends two pictures. One, called "A Reading from Homer" (276), represents such a scene as the name of the artist usually suggests—a marble terrace, forming part apparently of a splendid palace on the seashore, on which are seated a group listening to the reading; a man clad in goatskin reclines in the foreground; the reader is emphasizing his expression by impassioned action; some of the audience are entranced, others are a little distracted by a romance of their own. The crowns of flowers and all the details are painted with the artist's usual delicacy of craftsmanship. His other picture is not in the same line. It is a remarkably powerful portrait of a young girl, the artist's youngest daughter (386). Mr. Ouless hardly does justice to the vehement expression and overflowing enthusiasm of his sitter, in the portrait of Dr. Kennedy, the Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge (164). Mr. Goodall's "Gordon's Last Messenger" (432) represents an armed Arab mounted on a camel crossing the desert, which is strewn with ghastly relics of disaster in the shape of camel skeletons, round which prowl or hover jackals and birds of prey. We may conclude a brief and necessarily incomplete preliminary sketch by merely calling attention for the present to Mrs. Butler's fine work "After the Battle" (108).

THE THEATRES.

THE present performance of "*Ours*" at the Haymarket has been recognized as somewhat ineffectual. Writers have concerned themselves with the question whether the play or the players were at fault. Apart from its one most striking incident, the departure of "*Ours*" for the Crimea, the fibre of the piece is very slight. No obvious danger threatens the hero, and to awaken the sympathy that is born of apprehension danger must be obvious. It is felt that he will claim his bride; the dramatist has dallied very feebly with the idea that Prince Perovsky can by any possibility prove a dangerous rival to Angus MacAlister in the affections of Blanche Haye. The misunderstanding between Sir Alexander and Lady Shendry does not even create passing interest. The personages take so slight a hold on the imagination of the spectator that it is surprising to find how great an impression the scene at the end of the second act, the marching of the regiment, always creates when the comedy is well played. The occupants of Lady Shendry's drawing-room do certainly realize the situation. We can readily believe, we cannot indeed at the moment doubt, that they are looking at the troops whose march we hear as the band plays and the officers give the word of command. It is essential that the slightness of the piece should be disguised by the skill of the actors. Weakness on the part of any one reveals the weakness of the whole composition; and here several places are weak. More dexterity than was supposed to be requisite is needed for the representation of Mr. Robertson's plays. At the Haymarket the Lady Shendry, to begin with, fails to convey any idea of the part; the Sergeant Jones is very deficient in humour, and lacks that suggestion of pathos which is demanded from the soldier on the eve of his departure; the MacAlister reminds us rather of an amateur Romeo than of the devoted, simple-minded young soldier; the Blanche is very graceful and gentle, but no more. Seeing that these things are so, it is not necessary to inquire further why the comedy is less effective than it used to be. Mrs. Bancroft reproduces all that was pleasant in her *Mary Netley*; Mr. Bancroft gives again his study of Hugh Chalcot. These two performances still have merit, notwithstanding the tendency to overdo the business of the hut scene, in which, to the irreverent, a suggestion of pantaloons and columbine may even be conveyed. Actor and actress work too hard, nor is their labour notably discreet. Mr. Kemble adapts himself well to the part of Sir Alexander Shendry, and Mr. Brookfield, striking out a new line for himself as is his custom, makes Prince Perovsky something more than possible. Such nobles live and would probably bear themselves in the circumstances as Perovsky bears himself here. But comparative strength on the part of half the cast does not compensate for positive feebleness on the part of the other half, and here may be found the explanation why the interest occasioned was languid. As for allusions to antagonism with Russia, which some people seem to have supposed would stir the audience, these allusions were designed for no such purpose and could have no such effect. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has stated in its violently pro-Russian anti-English pages that "the name of Russia" was received with "respectful silence." To speak of respect for the name of Russia is almost as absurd as to speak of respect for the politics of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When Mr. Robertson wrote his play Russia had not recovered from the insignificance to which she had been reduced by the Crimean War. She was defeated and disgraced, and the Russian Prince was allowed to express his faith in his country, so that his defeat might have more poignancy. The ascendancy of England was so unquestioned that Mr. Robertson did not think it worth while to be patriotic. We regret to add that the advertisements and playbills contain a claptrap reference to war with Russia which is unworthy and offensive.

Miss Mary Anderson has left the Lyceum. She furnishes a remarkable example of an actress whose reputation has been made outside the theatre. Her pretensions to a place in the front rank of actresses cannot unfortunately be admitted. There have been signs in her acting that, with more study and less satisfaction on her own part with the result of a training at once artificial and incomplete, she might have done well. But this is now past praying for.

Of *Bad Boys*, Mr. Clement Scott's version of *Clara Soleil*, now being given at the Vaudeville, little need be said. It is one of the familiar farces which deal with peccant husbands and women of questionable character, married or single. These frivolous or faithless spouses have detected each other so often on the modern stage that the incident has become no more effective than the annual dilemma of the clown who slowly grasps the fact that the policeman is by his side. Perhaps *Bad Boys* is a little more vulgar than the average piece of the sort which generally finds a home at the Criterion Theatre. The main idea of the plot, which shows how a married man accompanies an unmarried actress to Scarborough, where circumstances induce them to pass as husband and wife, is very clumsily brought about. Mr. Arthur Roberts, the principal figure in the play, has a quaintly diverting style much marred by vulgarity. Mr. Carton gives a quiet and well-considered sketch of character, and M. Marius shows an aptitude for this sort of work. Miss Violet Cameron's deficiency of humour is thrust into prominence.

Mr. Toole has produced a farce of a not strikingly kind, disguised beneath Japanese accessories, and called *The Great Tay-Kin*. Mr. Arthur Law is the author, and Mr. George Grossmith

has written some songs which just suit the trifle. Mr. Toole plays the part of a husband with a jealous wife. They meet at a show Japanese village, and in order to escape observation the husband assumes the dress of a conjuror. The popular comedian extracts a good deal of fun from the little piece, which is amusing in its way.

THE INDIGENT POPULATION OF PARIS.

A REPORT lately issued by the Director of the General Administration of Public Assistance in Paris is of much interest for those who would understand the economic condition of France, as well as for the students of political and economic thought in Europe. Every three years a census is directed to be taken in Paris of the indigent population. The last census was taken on the last day of 1883, and the Report to which we refer gives the result. The figures, it will be seen, refer to a date now comparatively old; but nevertheless they have much value. It will be in the recollection of our readers that during the winter of 1883-4 there was a marked revival of socialistic and anarchical agitation throughout France; that in Paris there was a great outcry respecting distress; that meetings of unemployed workpeople were held, and that one or two collisions occurred with the police. It will be interesting, then, in the first place, to ascertain whether the indigent population had considerably increased. France, like our own country, has suffered greatly from agricultural depression, due partly to bad seasons and partly to the competition of the United States and India. It has suffered likewise from the commercial depression which is general all over the world. And, lastly, it has suffered from the breakdown of the wild speculation that reached its collapse in the bankruptcy of the Union Générale. Those who took part in that speculation were very largely the wealthier classes. The members of the aristocracy, being driven from politics, had thrown themselves into speculation, and the collapse of the Union Générale ruined large numbers of them. The consequence was that the wealthy classes throughout France were obliged to dispense with many luxuries to which they were used, and therefore those who ministered to luxuries suffered. But to a large extent the manufactures of Paris are intended to minister to pleasure and luxury. Again, there had been a wild speculation in house-building, and towards the end of 1883 that speculation came to an end, and it was said that immense numbers of workpeople had in consequence been thrown out of employment. It is curious to find, however, that the census last taken shows no increase in the number of indigent poor. On the last day of 1880 the number of indigent persons in Paris was 123,735; on the last day of 1883 the number was 123,324. In the three years, therefore, there was actually a decrease of 411. If, then, we may trust to this census, the panic of three years ago and the breakdown of the building trade did not cause the increase in pauperism and the want of employment generally alleged. The agitation, in fact, amongst the working classes must have been largely artificial. It is of course possible that the results of the panic and of the falling off in house-building had not made themselves fully felt at the time the census was taken; that the number of unemployed has since largely increased; and that, if the census were now to be taken, the condition of Paris would appear much worse than it was at the end of 1883. Nevertheless, it is remarkable that the census shows a slight improvement compared with 1880, when house-building was rapidly being pushed on all over Paris, and when the Stock Exchange speculation was at its height. And the fact is still more curious because there was a very large increase of indigence between 1877 and 1880. In 1877 the number of indigent persons was 113,317; while in 1880, as we have said, it had risen to 123,375. The increase, therefore, in those three years was nearly 10 per cent., while in the three years that followed there was a small decrease. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the agricultural distress was very great in the three years between 1877 and 1880, 1879 in fact having been the worst perhaps of the present century when the whole of Europe is taken together. Perhaps to this fact is due the increase of indigence in Paris during those three years, and the better harvests that followed 1880 may have more than counterbalanced the breakdown of speculation and the falling off in house-building.

One of the causes to which the rise and spread of Socialism in France is generally attributed is the want of a Poor-law system. There is, indeed, a public administration for the relief of pauperism, but there is not that organized and complete system that exists in this country. The law does not declare that every French citizen has a right to relief, which can be enforced as regards the owners of property. And it is obvious that the want of such a system does tend to propagate socialistic notions. Where a population is very ignorant and very miserable, it is, of course, incapable of understanding and embracing any philosophic system. It usually is very discontented, and ripe for mischief. But it is incapable, as we have said, of understanding a system like Socialism. The population must have made a considerable advance in intelligence, and the mass of the people, too, must be fairly well off before such a system can commend itself. But in a country like France, where great material progress has been made, and where nevertheless a considerable proportion of the population live permanently on the verge of pauperism, or at least are liable to sink into pauperism in consequence of accident or disease, Socialism naturally commends itself when the State makes great claims upon the subject. In France, throughout the whole of the

present century, the State, by the conscription, has asserted its right to the compulsory service of any or all of its subjects when required, and it is natural, therefore, that the subjects should in return expect compensating advantages from the State; more particularly when, as in France, all the institutions of the country have again and again been overturned and men's minds have been revolutionized by doctrines of all kinds. The figures above quoted show, too, that a sufficiently large proportion of the population is indigent to give full scope for socialistic doctrines. Since the establishment of the Empire, France has undoubtedly made immense material progress. Her wealth has grown at an exceedingly rapid rate, and the condition of the masses of the people has very decidedly improved. Nevertheless, so late as the end of 1883 as large a proportion as 53 per cent. of the whole population of Paris were returned by the Census as indigent; roughly, that is to say, one out of every 18 persons was in need of relief from the Public Administration. This was about twice the proportion of those in receipt of relief from the rates in London. The systems in London and Paris are so different that a comparison between them is not easy. To make such a comparison at all useful and instructive, a great number of qualifying considerations would have to be taken into account. But yet the fact is significant that the Census returns in Paris show the indigence there to be nearly twice as large as, at the same time, official pauperism was in London. And the figures are the more significant when it is borne in mind that they do not represent an accidental and temporary increase, but rather the normal state of the Parisian population for at least three years. It is evident that so vast a mass of extreme poverty, under the conditions existing in France, does offer a favourable recruiting-ground for the propagandists of Socialism, and that therefore it is no fanciful imagination which ascribes in part at least to the absence of a regular Poor-law system the strength of Socialism in France.

Looking at the matter from another point of view, the pauperism of Paris may for the greater part be traced directly to the vast public works carried on under the Empire for keeping the working classes in good humour. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was necessary to carry on these public works; but it is undoubtedly that they attracted to Paris vast masses of workpeople from all parts of France and from the neighbouring countries, and that gradually the immigration of workpeople exceeded the demand for labour, and thus an artificial creation of pauperism went on. The first result was an extravagant addition to the debt of Paris, which compelled the City to raise its octroi duties, and thus artificially to make dear the necessities of life in the City. The pulling down of old streets and rebuilding of new ones likewise made rents high, and in both cases increases had constantly to be made in wages. Then came the war and the Communist insurrection, which necessitated further rebuilding and public works of all kinds; and, finally, there came the vast speculation in house-building to which we have referred above. The result of all these causes was to raise wages more and more, to make rents and living dearer and dearer, and, in the end, to bring it about that the cost of manufacture in Paris was higher than anywhere else upon the Continent. Gradually, in consequence, German, Swiss, and Belgian competition began to tell upon Paris, and many of the manufactures which had at one time been peculiar to Paris were transferred to other countries. An examination of the Census shows that there were in all 47,627 heads of families returned as indigent; that of these 10,796 were born in the department of the Seine, 33,644 in other departments, and 3,187 abroad. The immense preponderance of foreigners and provincials will here be observed. It will be seen that less than a quarter of the whole were born in Paris itself, while more than three-quarters were born either in other parts of France or abroad; showing, as we observed above, that it is the system which attracted workpeople from the provinces and from abroad that has created this vast pauperism in Paris. As regards the foreigners, again, the great majority of the indigent are found amongst the Germans. In the Twentieth Arrondissement, for example, out of 1,425 Germans, as many as 569 are returned as indigents—that is, about 40 per cent. In the Twelfth Arrondissement, again, out of 774 Germans, 283, or about 39 per cent., are returned as indigents. Still further, as showing the causes of the pauperism, of the whole of the heads of households, 26,050 are under sixty years of age, and as many as 29,871 are without children. On the other hand, it must be observed that amongst the adults the women vastly preponderate. The total number of adults is 66,359, and of these 41,792 are women, against 24,567 men. This, however, is natural, as the loss of their male supporters from any reason whatsoever would throw some of the women of the family into extreme poverty. It does not therefore militate against the argument we have been advancing. It still leaves the fact that, taking men and women, as well as children, into account, the vast majority of the indigent in Paris come from the provinces, and from foreign countries.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

MR. MANNS'S benefit concert, which brought the season to a close, was not so well attended as we could have wished. The programme was a long one, and naturally included a great number of solos; indeed, with the exception of the first and last numbers, there was nothing entirely without the solo interest

Even Schubert's unfinished *Symphony* in B minor which opened the concert contains so many extremely melodious passages for special instruments that it at times assumes a concerto-like character. The passages in question, it should be added, were rendered with the feeling and expression necessary to accentuate the isolated beauties and the unstudied charm of this vague and capricious kind of music. In this particular work of Schubert's the attention is not fixed by any large design or matured intention, and the *Symphony* might easily, and would certainly, grow wearisome, were its happy accidents of melody and pathos and its original and picturesque treatment of certain instruments unmarked by the conductor and tamely rendered by the executants.

The first of the soloists was Mr. Watkin Mills, with an air from Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani*. His delivery, though good, is mechanical and tame, and the hard work of training seems to have extinguished the fire of his voice. Mlle. Pauline Cramer, who made her first appearance at the Palace, has other merits and other defects. Her choice was the colossal scene, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," the "Vasto tremendo," from *Oberon*, in which Mlle. Tietjens used to produce such an overwhelming effect. It is a trying air; and though Mlle. Cramer produced it with spirit, understanding, and real dramatic feeling, her performance was slightly marred by a certain sense of effort and a perceptible difficulty in breathing. Later on she sang with greater ease a couple of *Lieder* by Grieg and Brahms. Signor Foli contributed Meyerbeer's "Il Monaco," a song admirably suited to his very exceptional voice. Even those who do not admire the "basso profondo" must admit the excellence of his method, and the fire and vigour which distinguish his management of so ponderous and unwieldy an instrument. Mr. Edward Lloyd was heard to considerable disadvantage in a commonplace air from *La Juive*. He is not essentially a dramatic singer; and his sound and finished style and his clear delivery were thrown away on such feeble melody as this of Halváry's.

The pianist was Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg. She was heard to very good effect indeed in Mozart's delicious *B Minor Concerto*. Her exquisitely graduated touch and her natural charm of expression suit the refined and graceful majesty of this class of music to perfection. It has been said that Mozart and Haydn are "half padding": in other words, that in their work the part of inspiration is largely supplemented by purely formal devices. Mlle. Kleeberg, by intelligence and delicacy of phrasing, not only brought out intrinsic beauties, but showed the value acquired by such subsidiary parts from their dependence upon and connexion with the main ideas of the composition. Her best effect was in the second movement, the "Romanza"; the finish of her method and the beauty of the tones she obtained from the instrument in the rendering of the principal theme are not easily forgotten. Mr. John Dunn, a violinist of extraordinary promise, seen here for the first time, chose for his *morceau de débat* Ernst's *Airs Hongroises*, an admirable piece of gymnastics interspersed with passages of real emotional value. In these latter the young artist played with a fresh and penetrating tone not often heard. His carrying power, indeed, is remarkable; in flights of high harmonics every note and every inflection were distinctly audible in the remotest parts of the room.

An excerpt from Wagner's *Parsifal*—the "Verwandlungs-musik" and "Closing Scene" from the first act—filled up no small part of the afternoon. The chorus of boys ("from the dome") was so rendered as to be appallingly discordant. Moreover, the excerpt is too long for concert uses, and becomes excessively tedious by reason of the perpetual endeavour to figure in one's mind the appropriate action and scenery, without which much that is not unpleasant is simply dull. The *Tannhäuser* March and Chorus, the last number on Saturday, will, on the contrary, always prove acceptable at concerts.

We cannot take leave of this season's performances without a few words of criticism and of thanks. We have been justly treated to much of Beethoven and to a fair proportion of Mendelssohn and Weber. On the other hand, we have been somewhat stinted of Haydn and Mozart, in whose favour we might perhaps have spared some of the more unsuitable selections from Wagner. Handel has been simply ignored; and Gluck, the greatest name in opera, has been almost as hardly used. As we may never hear upon the stage some of the noblest dramatic music ever written, it is only natural to wish that part of it, at least, might be transferred to the concert-room, and that Mr. Ganz's brave lead (in *Orpheus*) of a few years back might have a certain number of followers. From Mr. Manns, who has done so much to revive old masters and produce new men, we have a right to expect a great deal. Next season let us hope he will be more prodigal of Gluck. In connexion with that which has just ended, we must thank him for acquainting us with such music as his selections from Bach and as the *Te Deum* of Berlioz, as well as for introducing such interesting contemporary work as that of Goldmark, Cowen, Saint-Saëns, Mackenzie, and Brahms.

THE WATER-COLOURS.

BOTH the Royal Society and the Royal Institute make an excellent show in water-colours, though the former, with less than one-third of the total of the latter, leaves a more satisfactory impression as a collection. There are, we do not doubt, fully three hundred water-colours at the Institute among its one

thousand and sixty-nine that are in all respects equal in merit to the three hundred and six at the Society's Galleries. There is also a considerable number of drawings that should never be seen, save at the most amateurish of clubs or at provincial bazaars. This is not altogether to be avoided, though it certainly unfavourably impresses the visitor, who is bewildered by the vast and miscellaneous show and forced to make a second and more guarded inspection. It would be well for criticism if the example of the conscientious visitor were a little more followed; one of the more pleasurable duties of the critic—the detection of promise in the midst of assured performance—would be better recognized than it is. There is more scope at the Institute for the pursuit of this stern and adventurous pleasure than at the Society's exhibition, where the limited space necessitates the rigorous critical selection that results in a fit survival, and where the members work with undivided aims.

Priority is due to the older establishment. Most of the more prominent members and associates of the Society are well represented this year. In the school of landscape-art that is especially characteristic of the Pall Mall galleries the show is remarkably good. Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. J. W. North, and others who interpret nature with other eyes than those of the man of facts and literal persuasion—with a rapt and fervid idolatry of detail and a passion for the minutest revelation of its intricacies—are here represented with great force. Mr. Hunt's "A Summer Paradise" (5) and "Before the Blaze of Noon" (18) are fine examples of his finished and accomplished art. Mr. Goodwin shows more diversity, and supplies a tolerably complete illustration of his powers and defects in his seven drawings. From the visionary, almost illusive, beauty of the "Porlock Weir" (68), the "Ilfracombe" (197), the ethereal and delicate charm of "The Delectable Mountains" (92), there is an unaccountable decadence to such work as the weak and spiritless "Goring" (183). In this last we have foremost the bank of the Thames, with the purple loosestrife and other flowers in a high, bright key of colour, and extending beyond is a line of trees, in another plane and intermediary, of a dismal slatey tone, not harmoniously massed and vague, but assertively touched in detail. The result is not merely weakness, but falsity, and the effect discordant. Mr. J. W. North's "Where the Millstream leaves the River" (44) is a minutely studied transcript of running, rippled water, of the wild tangle of coppices with a leafy distant vista, wrought with wonderful finish and expressive execution. Mr. Poynter, who has deserted the figure for landscape, exhibits one work only, "One of the Walls of Old England" (22), a portion of landslipped coast, a little too sumptuous and hard in colour, but fresh and vigorous in handling. Nothing finer in atmosphere or more truthful in tone has been painted by Mr. Francis Powell than the mingled mist and sunshine of "The Sunlit Waters" (30). Mr. George P. Boyce shows a number of drawings of old grey buildings set in vivid green pastures, clean and cleverly executed, though somewhat stiffly in effect. "The Opalescent Sea" (254), by Mr. Powell, is worthy of association with Mr. Henry Moore's smaller sea studies.

Mr. Herbert Marshall contributes several suggestive and clever impressions of London streets and the river Thames. People who inhabit this nether gloom would do well to study the "Ludgate Hill" (129), with its vivacious actuality, noble aerial perspective, and warm glowing atmosphere, or the not less effective vision of London Bridge (186), a subtle impression of the ferruginous London sunset and its transfigurating influence. In Mr. Charles Davidson's "Going up the Hill" and in Mr. Wilmot Pilbury's "The Duckpond" (83), with its companion (84), the method of Mr. North is followed with some felicity. Mr. Birket Foster is not well represented by his large and oleographic work "The Dipping Place" (91). Sir John Gilbert's "Banditti Gambling" (151), a woodland scene, fine in colour and romantic in feeling, has both style and distinction. Mr. W. Eyre Walker's Yorkshire landscapes have unusual quality and power; the best are the impressive "Nightfall on the Yorkshire Fells" (53) and the "Autumn Morning in Wharfedale" (58). Mr. Collingwood Smith shows in other works than "A Ruined City" (137) that he can do better things than attempt Turner. In air and spaciousness, and in distance that suggests no limits, Mr. Thorne Waite's "May Day on the Downs" (207) is excellent.

Painters of *genre* and the figure are rather less prominent exhibitors than in some recent years, though Mr. Carl Haag is most effectively represented by three brilliant drawings. Of these, two are heads, "Ali Ben Osman" (6) and "A Soudanese Beauty" (41), full of the beauty and power of colour. The "Bab-el-Mahkamah" (161) shows a throng of folk besieging the gate of justice at Jerusalem, their many-coloured robes touched with glints of sunshine that stream above the entrance. Mr. E. K. Johnson's "Lighting Up" (216) is a clever character-study, and "The Last New Pets" (160), a child fondling some spaniels, is a most harmonious and attractive composition. Mr. Brewtnall's "The Three Ravens" (116) is a characteristic attempt to illustrate the grim old ballad, not without imaginative insight. In his clever and spirited "Towing-path on the Seine" (196) Mr. R. Beavis gives a remarkable study of horses in action. In the tension of the muscles, the accurate modelling of forms, the truth and freedom of the drawing, these horses are admirable. Mr. Heywood Hardy, in his "Passing Showers" (249), paints horses with riders under the shelter of trees, the horses glossy of coat, sleek, well fed, and beautiful to the eye. The sentiment of "Absent, yet Present" (88) is not very happily expressed by Mr. J. H. Henshall; but the charm

of his drawing is sufficient to disarm those who may object to its title. Mr. Henry Wallis invests the surroundings of "An Oriental Glass Merchant" (255) with much pomp and glory of colour, skilfully harmonized. Several little sea pieces with shipping by Miss Clara Montalba deserve mention.

THE ALBERT PALACE.

ANY well-considered attempts to provide for the recreation of the people deserve recognition and support, and the scheme that has already resulted in the erection of the Albert Palace, near Battersea Park, merits consideration. The danger in this and in similar enterprises lies in a too-extended view of what is required. The laudable ambition of promoters is apt to expand beyond first aims until an unrealizable ideal is a lure to blank failure. The special requirements of the immense population in the neighbourhood should receive the fullest attention of the directors. The attractions of the Palace should primarily appeal to those within easy reach of it, for the outer circle of sightseers, who will travel almost any distance to South Kensington or the Crystal Palace, are not the section of the community from whom steady and constant support may be anticipated. Last Saturday the promoters of the Albert Palace received a large number of those interested in the intelligent provision of amusement for the people, in order that they might inspect the building. Sir R. W. Carden, M.P., presided at the inevitable luncheon, supported by Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, M.P., Sir J. M. Hogg, M.P., Mr. Marriott, M.P., and others. The chairman eloquently disclaimed any pecuniary interest in the new people's palace. He was there to urge its necessity, and to express his sympathy with the scheme. Mr. Marriott, in a powerful appeal for support, spoke of certain obstacles to the completion of the Albert Palace which at one time, we believe, threatened to be serious, but are now overcome through the courtesy of the Metropolitan Board of Works. All that was now required was, Mr. Marriott affirmed, that the Albert Palace should become known. It was of little use embarking on a great enterprise, erecting a commodious and handsome building, laying out grounds, projecting swimming-baths, picture-galleries, tennis-lawns, concerts, and so forth, if their philanthropic designs were to be executed in darkness. All this is exceedingly true, and was put by Mr. Marriott with unanswerable force of conviction. For the requisite illumination he looked to the press. On our part there is enough to commend in the scheme to make response easy.

The Albert Palace is a reconstruction of the Dublin Exhibition of 1872, with additions of considerable extent. At the west end of the nave, which is 473 feet in length, is an annexe designed for a concert-room, in which the great organ built by Messrs. Bryceson for Mr. Holmes is erected. This instrument, which was designed by Mr. Best, has but one rival in the world—the famous Haarlem organ by Christian Müller. Of its capacity and tone and its adjustment to the present locality, we cannot now speak, though there is no doubt whatever that the concert-room is among the best of the kind in London. The admiration of all present was chiefly directed to the imposing organ and the marble columns in the dining-hall which once ornamented Mr. Albert Grant's mansion. It appeared that one gentleman (was it Mr. Marriott?) had observed to Sir Robert Carden that he considered these columns to be a wonderful imitation of marble, which is a sad instance that truth, however unsmirched, does not present the same aspect to all men. We hope sincerely that this view of one feature of the Albert Palace will not be extended to the whole building. The organ, at least, is above suspicion. It animated the congratulations and speech of all the visitors, and on all sides the question that agitated Artemus Ward in Boston was eagerly put—"Have you seen the great organ?" Music will be much cultivated, and will be placed under the direction of Mr. Alfred Caldicott, who will, we trust, carry out his excellent intention of forming his orchestra entirely of British musicians. This is not only what should be done, but no difficult matter to determine. Mr. Caldicott is too good a musician to fail, among other things, to give the fullest interpretation to the phrase "popular concerts." He knows to what extent music is popular, and he may be expected to give it true significance in his concerts.

In the decoration of the Palace warm but effective combinations of colour have been tastefully applied by Dr. Dresser, while the roof has been set, under Sir Edward Lee's directions, with pale amber glass, which forms an excellent screen from the sunlight. The picture-galleries, which are under the care of Mr. C. W. Wass, are spacious and well lighted. What is chiefly necessary to ensure a prosperous career for the Albert Palace is that it should be not only designed for the people, but directed in every particular and with undeviating aim in a thoroughly popular fashion. There should be no retrogression towards cheap and tawdry show, on the one hand, or any appeal beyond the people's sympathy and understanding.

RACING.

THE Leicestershire Spring Handicap of 2,000l. turned out a successful venture; there was a great deal of betting on it before-hand; a field of eighteen horses came out for it, and the race itself was fairly interesting. The good-looking Borneo, who had run half a dozen times last season without success, was made first favourite,

while Blue Grass, who had been fancied for the Lincolnshire Handicap, was second favourite. Pizarro, who had not grown much since last year, was a strong third favourite, and Criterion, who had improved immensely in appearance since last season, was almost as much liked. Next in popular estimation came Scot Free, the winner of the Two Thousand of last year, who, although heavily weighted, was considered to have a 12 to 1 chance. Soon after the start Lord Bradford's four-year-old filly, Whitelock, dashed away with a strong lead. The first favourite, as well as the second and third favourites, ran very badly; but Criterion ran exceedingly well, and Scot Free also held a forward position. When half the race had been run Whitelock was leading by half a dozen lengths, but as she approached the distance she was not running so freely, and Criterion was evidently hunting her down. When she came near the stand she looked beaten, and Criterion fought his way on until, when about a hundred yards from the winning-post, he was at her neck. Then his jockey raised his whip to urge him to make a final effort; but instead of doing this the horse made a swerve, which enabled Whitelock to struggle on and win by a length. As much as 33 to 1 had been laid against the winner at the start.

At Northampton the famous two-year-old, The Bard, was again in great form, and, fortunately for his backers, the bookmakers laid a fraction of odds against him for the Althorp Park Stakes, for which he cantered home four lengths in front of the nearest of his opponents. The next day, for the Ascott Plate, odds of 6 to 1 were laid on him, and on this occasion Archer, who rode him in both races, chose to perform his favourite feat of winning "in a canter by a neck." This method of finishing certainly has the advantage of taking as little as possible out of a horse, but when a jockey aims at winning in this apparently brilliant fashion he runs a risk, however remote it may be, of not winning at all. A swerve, a stumble, or a jostle might make a rider of one of these unnecessarily close finishes wish devoutly that he had not run matters so fine. Good as The Bard is, he can scarcely be described as of a pretty colour, as he is a sort of roan chestnut. His shape is excellent, and he has plenty of muscle, with a wonderfully furnished top. The only adverse criticism we have heard passed upon him is that he is a trifle light of bone below the knee, yet some people consider his legs all that can be wished. Nine horses ran for the Northamptonshire Stakes. Samaritan, Laveret, and St. Swithin were the leading favourites; but neither of them was even placed. Mr. Carrington's three-year-old filly Marmora, by Albert Victor, won the race, under 5 st. 11 lbs., from Althorp, under 5 st. 7 lbs.; but Postscript, who was only a neck behind Althorp, had come up with a great rush from the distance, and in the opinion of some critics might almost have won if she had come a little sooner.

The first day's racing of the season at Newmarket began with great spirit, and the Craven Meeting proved the wisdom of the stewards in increasing the value of some of the principal stakes. The Duke of St. Albans' Bellona, a remarkably fine three-year-old that had never run before, and started at 10 to 1, won the Trial Stakes after a splendid race with Cambusmore. The Duke of Portland's Derby candidate, Langwell, was a strong favourite for the Biennial; but, after looking very like a winner as he charged boldly into the Abingdon Bottom, he looked very unlike one as he came out of it and allowed both Gracchus and Aveline to pass the winning-post before him. The race was won by the former, a colt by Doncaster, out of Cornelia by Beadsman, who had been unplaced for the Dewhurst Plate last October. It was thought that one or other of the three well-known horses, Macheath, The Prince, or Scot Free, would win the Crawford Plate, although they were all heavily weighted; but, to everybody's surprise and the delight of the ring, a long-backed four-year-old called Ordovix, who had made all the running, with only 6 st. 7 lbs. on his back, won the race by three-quarters of a length. Each of the three favourites was giving him 2 st. or more, and The Prince and Macheath ran second and third to him, within half a length of each other. Although Ordovix had run seven times, he had never won a race before, and 50 to 1 was laid against him at the start. The next day there was another surprise. It had for some time been believed that Macheath, who won over 10,000 when a two-year-old, would soon win an important handicap. As a three-year-old he had run unplaced for the Ascot Hunt Cup; last year he was unplaced for the Cambridgeshire; but this spring he was backed at 9 to 1 for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and he started first favourite, as we have already said, for the Crawford Plate. On the following day he was to run again for the Braham Plate, and then backers began to fight a little shy of him. Queen Adelaide, Lucerne, Whippet-in, and Hermitage were all better favourites, and Macheath started at 10 to 1, a price at which both Scot Free and Greenwich were equally fancied. It was under these unpromising conditions that the good thing came off, and that it was "a good thing" and no fluke or narrow victory was clearly proved by the easy manner in which Macheath came away a hundred yards from home and won by two lengths. Later in the day the Derby outsider, General Pearson's colt by Hampton out of Red Rag, won the Column Produce Stakes by half a dozen lengths. This colt has improved in appearance since last year, and he ran well, winning in a canter, after making the whole of the running at a strong pace over the Rowley Mile. Ten three-year-olds came out for the Craven Stakes the next day, and another Derby outsider was made the favourite. This was Mr. R. Vynner's Esterling, by Sterling out of the famous mare Apology. Odds were laid on him, and he won very easily at last by six lengths; but when it came to earnest

racing, Archer had to use his whip before the colt would make his effort, and he was receiving 10 lbs. from Present Times, who ran second. He is, of course, splendidly bred, and, if his legs should turn out to be as good as his body, there will not be much cause to find fault with him. Several of his opponents, especially Present Times, Goldsmith, and Langar, are remarkably good-looking, and when more fit are likely to win good races. On the last day of the meeting, the Newmarket Handicap, which was worth 1,000*l.*, was won by Pizarro in a common canter by five lengths from eight opponents. After being backed at 5 to 1 for the Leicestershire Handicap, he had been unplaced, so he was not very popular among backers, and he started at 10 to 1. Some great mistake was made here, as the victory was what is called by racing men "a runaway affair." Taken as a whole, the Craven Meeting was a wonderful success, and it promises well for the forthcoming season at Newmarket. Eleven horses ran for the Biennial against the five of last year. The Braham Plate was worth 800*l.*, and brought out eighteen starters against the 375*l.* and six starters of last year; and the Newmarket Handicap was worth 1,000*l.*, and brought out nine starters against the 285*l.* and six starters of last year. We may add that the attendance was much larger than usual.

The Epsom Spring Meeting began in beautiful weather, but with rather moderate racing. Backers found some little difficulty in making a favourite for the Great Metropolitan Stakes; Renny, a three-year-old under 5 st. 8 lbs. that had won a couple of races and been placed three times last year, was a decided favourite at the start; but Criterion, the second in the Leicestershire Spring Handicap, and Althorp, the second in the Northamptonshire Stakes, were also a good deal supported. Criterion made most of the running, at a slow pace, during the early part of the race; but both he and Althorp lost ground by running wide at the awkward loops and turns of the Metropolitan course, while Renny, by "hugging the rails," made way and got to the front. At the road, below Tattenham Corner, however, Renny was beaten, and then Althorp took the lead, had it all his own way, and won in a canter by a dozen lengths. The Bard had only one opponent for the Westminster Stakes. 20 to 1 was laid on him, and Archer allowed him to win in a canter—by half a length this time.

One of the early favourites for the City and Suburban Handicap was Bird of Freedom. This three-year-old, after starting at 14 to 1 for the Lincolnshire Handicap, had run second to Bendigo, and it was thought by many good judges that he might have won if he had not swerved when his jockey raised his whip. Another horse much fancied for the City and Suburban was Duke of Richmond, a strong, well-made, but rather small horse, on excellent limbs, who looked just the sort to run well down the Epsom hill; but his detractors objected that last season he had been too fond of running second. Thebaïs and Prism had crushing weights to carry, but they are both strongly made, and to a sound horse that can bear rattling down a hill, weight is easier to carry at Epsom than on many other racecourses. Quicklime is a very uncertain horse, but he had won this race last year, and he was now to carry only 7 lbs. more. Highland Chief had run second for a Derby—so, by the way, had Quicklime—and horses that have once shown a preference for the Epsom course deserve a certain amount of favouritism for races over it in the future; but there were critics who considered Highland Chief's fore fetlocks weaker than they ought to have been if the horse was to do justice to himself on the long steep descent. MacMahon, who had been third for the Lincolnshire Handicap, had been interfered with soon after the start for that race, by an official who was supposed to be "clearing the course," and he was now to meet Bird of Freedom on 8 lbs. better terms. Queen Adelaide had too often proved herself a jade to be much trusted; on the other hand, she had also shown form quite good enough for this race under the weight she had to carry; and she was looked upon as more or less dangerous, especially as she was by Hermit.

Queen Adelaide was one of the first off, but she never afterwards took a prominent part in the race. Quicklime got off badly, and ran even worse. Duke of Richmond made the running for the first quarter of a mile, when it was taken up by Bird of Freedom. Thebaïs, Prism, and Highland Chief ran well until they were within a quarter of a mile of the winning-post, and then subsided. Bird of Freedom, who had kept close to the rails coming round Tattenham Corner, held a clear lead halfway up the straight; MacMahon was in close pursuit, and Duke of Richmond was within a few strides of the pair. As they approached the Grand Stand, MacMahon was rapidly catching Bird of Freedom, and, when they were opposite to it, the pair were on equal terms. Just as they passed it, MacMahon had gained an advantage and was leading by a neck, but before reaching the winning-post F. Barrett made a final but vigorous effort on Bird of Freedom. It looked a forlorn hope; but the brave horse responded to it with extraordinary gameness, struggled up to his opponent, and won by a short head. It was a splendid performance, both on the part of the horse and of the jockey.

In the race which followed that for the City and Suburban Handicap, Archer and The Bard won another race in a canter. Three-quarters of a length was the margin on this occasion. Really, The Bard's victories are becoming somewhat monotonous!

BALLADE OF NICIAS.

IN old Athens a General dwelt,
And the man was a Minister too,
Who, the public rejoicingly felt,
Was exactly the man that would do.
They were rather a racketty crew,
But, when talk upon politics ran,
They would cry, "I'm for NICIAS—are you?
For one likes a Respectable Man!"

Now the heart of a Stoic might melt
At the story, and all of it true,
Of the ruin (for ruin it spelt)
On his country that NICIAS drew ;
As the tale, not excitingly new,
In Thucydides' pages you scan,
Every chapter a tear will bedew—
For one likes a Respectable Man.

To the Gods the good NICIAS knelt,
To the Gods many victims he slew ;
But the cards, as they're commonly dealt
By the Powers that abide in the blue,
Show that piety oft they eschew.
The respectable's under a ban,
Which is true, and a thing we must rue—
For one likes a Respectable Man.

ENVY.

Kind reader, a moral or two
Have you marked since the ballad began ?
We're a NICIAS—there, that'll do—
For one likes a Respectable Man.

REVIEWS.

DIALECTS OF HINDI.*

JUST thirty years ago the late Mr. H. H. Wilson in the preface to his Glossary of revenue, judicial, and useful terms, remarked that the peculiarities of the Hindi dialects had never been investigated, and that we only had a grammar of one of them, the Braj, which was somewhat meagre. He also said that "each province may be said to have its own form of Hindi, and in Behar, Bhojpuri, Benares, Brindaban, Delhi, various shades of it are known under the appellations of Magadhi, the dialect of Magadha or South Behar; Maithili, that of North Behar or Purnea, and Tirkut; Bhojpuri, that of Bhojpur; Purbi, Eastern; Braj Bhakha, or the speech of Braj, and others." A more recent and high authority declares that it is not very easy to define the exact limits of Hindi. It is said roughly to be spoken by eighty millions of people, and to extend over nearly 250,000 square miles. Its boundary on one side may be given as Nepal and the Terai. On the other, the Hindi crosses the river Nerbudda, enters the country of the aboriginal Gonds, and touches on the Uriya and the Marathi languages. It is difficult to draw a line or prescribe a limit. Orientalists differ considerably as to its schools, standards, and divisions or sub-dialects. All that can be laid down for certain is, that there is a Hindi literature of some extent, including such old works as the Ramayana of Tulsi Dass, and the Mahabharata of Gokulnath; that the character most in use is the Nagari or Sanskrit written from left to right; that, if we include the semi-Dravidian and semi-Kolarian dialects we may count fifty variations; and that any scholar with a fair stock of Sanskrit will be able at once to master the most common forms of Hindi, and with a little pains its grammatical and linguistic vagaries. Residence in a district or division, combined with a quick ear for pronunciation, can alone enable an Englishman to understand the rustic speech of a Kurmi or an Ahir.

To a scientific investigation of the parent languages of India as well as of their offshoots, Englishmen and some natives have both contributed. Such works as the late Raja Radhakant's Sanskrit Dictionary, and the Bengali ditto of Ram Kamal Sen, are well known. But the most prominent class of explorers have been missionaries and members of the Civil and Military services of the Government. Their labours have been most serviceable in what we may call the jungles and bypaths of Oriental dialects. Strange local terms, quaint sayings, current satirical songs, weights, measurements, customs, have been collected, sifted, and compared by officials as a mild sort of recreation after the real work of the day or at scattered intervals of leisure. The native student is a lukewarm Gallo in these things. No doubt much has been familiar to him from his childhood. But the high-born Pundit scorns the coarse language of the villager, and though under the direction of an Englishman his intimate knowledge of Hindu life can be turned to a profitable account, it is to Englishmen that we owe most of the collections, vocabularies, and elementary

works that bring home to the average student the vast and comparatively untraversed field of exploration that still lies before him in India.

Mr. Grierson, the compiler of the four little grammars before us, has not been many years in the service; for he has not yet attained to that enviable position the charge of a district, with its two or three magisterial subdivisions, its million or two of Hindus and Mahomedans, and its multifarious duties. But he has certainly made a very good use of his time. To some evident acquaintance with one of the classic languages of the East and the more correct forms of the vernacular and spoken dialects, he adds a mastery over the rude language of the agriculturist and an ability to superintend the labours of Pundits and Inspectors of schools. We are by no means satisfied that Mr. Grierson's nomenclature is happy or likely to be permanent. He argues apparently that there is no universal or paramount standard of Hindi to which every offshoot or dialectic variety can be referred, and that the term Hindi ought not to be applied to that form of the language which is spoken in Behar. We fear that this attempt to expel Hindi with a pitchfork will end like many others. "Bihari" may be defensible on philological grounds. It might have been adopted by Imperial edict some time before the reign of Akbar, had Mr. Grierson been then consulted or had he filled the post of one of that Emperor's Lieutenants. But it will be long before Bihari finds its way into popular acceptance. The Mahomedans of Lower Bengal obstinately persist to this day in applying the term *farsi* or Persian to the diluted Hindustani which they are in the habit of writing and reading. Moreover, as Mr. Grierson subdivides his new language into many branches and does not, so far as we make out, set up any one high standard of "Bihari," there was every reason why he should have contented himself with an original, a well-understood, and a by no means inaccurate philological term, Hindi. His inquiries into the Hindi language as spoken in various districts of the Great Behar Province have led him to the conclusion that it was divisible into seven branches, of which he now gives us three; Bhojpuri, Magadhi, and Maithili or Maithil-Bhojpuri. The first term includes nearly all the Behar districts north and east of the Ganges, and that of Shahabad. The second comprises South Patna and Gaya; the third a part of Muzaffarpur formerly known as Tirkut. We presume that he will eventually give us other grammars for Hindi as spoken in Bhaugulpore and Moughir, which he calls Munger, and some day, perhaps, for Hazaribagh and the districts of the South-West Frontier Agency. It is true that Mr. Grierson argues for some radical distinctions between the real Hindi or Braj Bhakha and his new bantling the Bihari. He lays stress on pronunciation, on the declensions and participles and on the use or omission of the particle *ne*, on the conjugation of verbs, on construction, and on the vocabulary. Pronunciation is surely a weak argument. Every scholar of modern languages knows how differently Italian is pronounced at Venice, Siena, and Naples; French in Provence or Picardy; and German in Hanover or Switzerland. Need we mention the difference in speech between a Somersetshire and a Northumbrian peasant? Or, to take an illustration from another part of India not so remote from Behar, has Mr. Grierson ever compared the speech of a boatman from Noacolly or Sylhet with that of a Kailbari from Beerbhumi? He may rely on it that he will be startled by the way in which one of these two speakers of one common language, the Bengali, elides or alters consonants, and plays havoc with verbs, moods, and tenses. Neither do peculiarities in the use of nouns and verbs and their terminations seem to us sufficient to make out his case. Differences between weak forms and strong forms, long vowels and short vowels, verbal nouns and postpositions, between one future tense which ends in *ab* and another which ends in *as*, omissions and redundancies of tenses, peculiarities in the formation of causal verbs and other queer metamorphoses, merely show to our thinking, that Hindi has more dialects or sub-dialects, and branches out into more channels than Orientalists had fully recognized. Constructions and vocabularies may differ, but on analysing some of the compiler's specimens we find them to differ more in appearance than reality. All the same these commentaries with grammars and vocabularies will be serviceable to juniors when shifted suddenly from Sasseeram and its soap manufacture on the Grand Trunk Road, to the subdivision of Kishengunge in Poornia, under that useful and inexorable formula of the Secretariat, "the exigencies of the public service."

In the general student not expected to trouble himself too much about the varying termination of the Hindi verbs, to remember all about vocalic roots and periphrastic tenses, and to say exactly where the Bhojpuri slides into the Maithili dialect, more interest will be awakened by the specimens of conversation between two villagers, the fables, and the songs sung at marriages and other festive occasions. If not real gems and treasures, they are lively, original, and illustrative of agricultural life. Some of them are familiar enough. The dog with a piece of meat or bone in his mouth of which he sees the reflection in the water; the tiger that divides the stricken deer into three parts and takes all three for himself; the milkmaid indulging in visions of wealth, who smashes her pot of curds to atoms; the rich man who has one idle and one industrious son; the farmer who, by the illustration of a faggot, impressed on his children the fact that union is strength, and divers others, are well known from *Aesop's* time, in the nurseries and schools of the East and the West. But some of the songs may be as new to many as the minstrelsy of

* *Seven Grammars of the Dialects and Sub-dialects of the Bihari Language spoken in the Province of Behar, in the Eastern Portion of the North-Western Provinces, and in the Northern Portion of the Central Provinces.* In Four Parts, compiled under the orders of the Government of Bengal. By George A. Grierson, B.C.S., officiating Joint Magistrate of Patna. Calcutta: Bengal Secretariat Press.

the Border was when first discovered by Walter Scott. We select specimens. The successive ceremonies of a marriage, the arrival of the bridegroom at the bride's house, the scattering of rice, and the introduction of the barber who cuts the nails of the happy pair, are well described in a blessing sung at marriages. The bride is naturally compared to Sita. Gauri the wife of Shiva, and Ganessa are duly invoked, and jests are passed round, not of the most delicate kind. The poet invokes all manner of happiness on the couple and takes care that his own name shall not be forgotten. In a climate where health, life, and comfort depend on the regularity of the seasons, songs of the whole year and of particular months have a peculiar significance. Asarh, June-July, is a happy month as the beginning of the rains; that the next month, Sawan, should be "a fire of exceeding sorrow" has no meaning unless we infer a failure of rain. It is everywhere in Northern and Central India, and in Bengal Proper, the wettest month of the year. Kartik, October-November, is distinguished by bathing in the Ganges; Pus or Pos, December-January, by excessive cold and well-wadded quilts; Phalgun, February and March, by the Holi and its repulsive red powder; and Jeth, May and June, by a hot wind that roars and howls and turns the atmosphere into furnace. The month of Chait, March and April, has several songs of its own. It is an auspicious month for marriages. The hot season has set in, and it is the time for Krishna to sport with the milkmaids in the woods of Brindaban and Mathura. A young woman asks a crow for news of her beloved, and is told that he has been captivated by another young woman who sells betel-leaves, whereupon she threatens her rival with poison. Another wife not so ill-fated, watches anxiously for her lord and promises a golden bracelet in return for good news of him. A third is very properly apprehensive lest her faithless husband should be caught in the rain and get wet through. A fourth boasts that the turban of her husband will shine in the assembly of men, like a sword in battle or the *chaliwa* fish in the lake, which is rather an anticlimax.

Another song of the seasons makes the east wind to blow in Sawan, as it often does; the lakes and ponds to be filled with water in Bhadon, and the cold season to be felt in Kartik, which it would be in any part of Upper India as far down as Behar. A song in which one Churila is asked by a wife to play the flute and having first excused himself for fear of the dogs and the watchman, at last yields to her importunities, would hardly command itself to an Inspector of schools. The sequel is not decent, as the minstrel whom the frail one believes to be a Prince turns out to be a low-caste Dosadh. A divided household is illustrated by one wife who complains that she has to sweep the courtyard, draw water, and endure blows and abuse, as if she were seven donkeys, while all the honour is paid by the husband to her co-wife. Another faithful wife dressed herself in red and sought in vain for her husband at Gokul, Brindaban, and Benares, in the jungle and in the mountains, and found him not, because all the time he was in his own house. One young wife gets much abuse from her mother-in-law for her clumsiness in breaking the broom with which she is sweeping the courtyard, and invokes the aid of her elder brother, who is supposed to have a cooly with a load of new brooms ready to hand. The nectar or drink of Rama is so powerful, in one ditty, that ordinary men become deaf or die when they drink it. Only saints like Durab, Pahlad, and Mirabai can swallow it, and Kabir Dās, whom we take to be the poet himself, will have to leave the world if he drinks more of it. There is a flavour of antiquity about some of the above songs. Others clearly show that village bards are not extinct, and that new songs are made regarding social and political changes. The Maharaja of Domraon is a personage of consequence in the district of Shahabad. He maintains, we find from Mr. W. Hunter, a dispensary in his native town at his own cost and owns many villages. But when Koer Sing, described in the song as the Babu, went a hunting, or as would have been said in Scotland, was "out" in the 1857, and had a fight with the English at Hetampur, the Maharaja did not come to his assistance, whereat the hinds of the forest wept. A more recent song commemorates the linguistic revolution accomplished, if we mistake not, by Sir G. Campbell, when Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The member for the Kirkaldy Burghs, with a benevolent despotism which his constituents may scarcely credit, abolished the Urdu language and the Persian character in which it is written, by a stroke of the pen. We are sorry to say that in two songs commemorative of this masterly stroke of business Sir George's name is not actually mentioned. He is, however, introduced as the Lord Sahib to whom the case was represented by Baboo Bhurban Deb Mukarji, a Kulin Brahman of Bengal, Inspector of schools, and now a Companion of the Indian Empire. The consequence of his interview or correspondence with the Lieutenant-Governor, for we are not told which, was that the language of the Javans or Mahomedans was banished. The Nagari character was restored. Persian books were to be sent to the spice-seller—in *vicum rendentem thus et odore*; forgeries, hitherto common in the Persian character, were prophetically to cease when the Hindu could write in Kaithi or Nagari; and all men were invited to sing the praises of Her Majesty the Queen by the poet Ambika, who adds a prayer that her reign may last as long as the sun and the moon.

In Part III. of the seven grammars Mr. Grierson gives us some fifteen pages of a vocabulary of the Magadhi dialect as spoken in Gaya and the south of Patna. Many of the terms are expressive of agricultural customs, rude domestic implements, garments, ornaments, insects, and articles of food. The compiler is justified in

saying that few of them will be found in any Hindi dictionary. We can assure him that we have looked in vain for a good many in the new and copious Dictionary of Mr. Platts. There are words which express the ox nearest the post in a threshing floor, or the animal on the right hand of the pair attached to a harrow. The word *bes* which Mr. Grierson thinks to be Hindi and translates as "all right," strikes us as a mere corruption of the Persian *besh*, "capital," "excellent." In this sense we have known it constantly used. *Galu* in the vocabulary is "false," in Mr. Platts's it is "boastful." *Tapawon* similarly is "wine." Mr. Platts interprets it as "a libation." There is perhaps not much difference between the two. *Chev* to cut, we should derive from the verb *chedna* and not from *katna*, as Mr. Grierson does. He gives a number of meanings to the word *majha*. It is the angle on which the front of a cart rests; ground-bait for fishes; and a plaster of powdered glass applied to kite strings by a kite-dier who wishes to cut his rival's kite. Mr. Platts gives the last meaning only. *Dah* with Mr. Grierson is a ditch; with Mr. Platts and with other experts it is an abyss or pit. *Nara* is interpreted as straw. More correctly it is the stubble which remains on the field after the crop has been cut by the sickle and carried away. The common word for straw is *bichali*. We have no doubt that the grammars of the remaining dialects will be marked by the same diligence, accuracy, and method. But we must warn Mr. Grierson against the snare of a captivating theory or the discovery of a new language. We have compared his translated fable with the original in different dialects, and his new classification of verbs, potentials, compleatives, frequentatives, and desideratives which, however ingenious, are merely old acquaintances under new aspects; as well as the vagaries of verbal nouns and grammatical forms. And we see no reason to think they are other than mere dialectic varieties of Hindi mainly due to circumstances and places. But he has made a valuable contribution to Hindi literature, the more remarkable because makers of Dictionaries have too often been unacquainted with village life, and the district officer who knows that life thoroughly has had no time to compile even a vocabulary. Mr. Grierson is one who can get at the speech of rustics, and can put it into a shape for which scholars and pundits may be thankful.

THREE NOVELS.*

THE author of *Mademoiselle de Mersac* does not in these volumes give us of his best. They contain nine stories, which cannot be called "short," because they are so long. It is given to few novelists to compass the production of good short stories; to the majority it is not given; and Mr. Norris must take his place among the majority. His characteristic faculty of filling in significant detail, which he can freely exercise in the ample field of the three-volume novel, has no scope in the confined space of the short story. Yet he must attempt to exercise it, with the result of tediously adding page to page of vague description and ill-defined scenes and of being at length compelled to make abrupt or hurried endings. This necessity of bringing about speedy dénouements has led him into at least one blunder of an egregious kind. It may be appropriate enough that Nils Jensen should bring the idyllic Norwegian story to an end by disappearing for ever over a glacier; but surely there is neither natural nor artistic propriety in causing the farcical love-passages of "The Man with the Red Hair" to terminate by the suicide of the ridiculous Rufus from a Pyrenean cliff. The longest story, *A Man of his Word*, which gives title to the volumes, is certainly the best; it has precision and a certain finish. It has also something of what the other stories almost entirely lack—colour of a distinctly national or local sort, and what may be called atmosphere. This is probably because its scene and characters are English, while those of the others are of all countries which "society" affects. Mr. Norris is evidently a cosmopolitan; he is so much at home everywhere that he is, for purposes of art, restfully at home nowhere. "A Man of his Word" is a *nouveau riche*, named Joseph Hobday, and his story would make an effective "original" comedy, if it had not already been made familiar to playgoers by such productions as *New Men and Old Acres* and *The Parenu*. The blatant and dictatorial Hobday is, however, the most successfully and freshly-drawn character in these volumes. Of the rest—the polyglot assemblage of English, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Italian, and American men and women—the most unconventional and amusing is Count Waldemar von Ravensburg, who is "one of those people who invariably get their own way" with everybody, because of their "complete unselfconsciousness" and their "reliance upon human friendliness." It may thus be guessed that Mr. Norris, with little or no inventive skill, shows considerable perception of comic character; and it must be admitted that he employs well-worn situations and incidents with a neatness and complaisance which are not unattractive.

In complete contrast to Mr. Norris's stories is the novel called *Sally*, a name which seems to have been chosen for no better reason than that it gives one of the heroes the opportunity of sometimes singing snatches of *Sally in our Alley*. But the story of this latter-day Sally is a wretched affair. Its motive makes us

* *A Man of his Word; and other Stories.* By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1885.

Sally. A Novel. By John Hill. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1885.

A Woman's Love Story. By the Author of "The Knave of Hearts" &c. 1 vol. London: W. Stevens. 1885.

think of Mr. Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, and Mr. Black's *Macleod of Dare*—but the motive only; for the style and execution are neither Mr. Hardy's nor Mr. Black's, but Mr. John Hill's own. Sally herself is a girl of the kind which Miss Rhoda Broughton set the example of making a heroine of. She is healthy, handsome, vulgar, and lazy, with no particular aptitudes but those which tend to impropriety. We are introduced to her in a small town called Mudford when she is seventeen, and after only a few pages' acquaintance we blush to hear her exclaiming to an undergraduate at Cambridge, "I love you, and always will love you. You are my religion and my god, and I believe in you—my darling!" The exceeding impropriety of this exclamation immediately upon introduction is not atoned for by the use of a small "g," especially since a few pages (and a few hours) later we have more of the same sort, when the guileless pair rehearse in little the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, and then walk down the road "an interlaced system of arms and waists." Sally's daily habits are of the healthy kind normal to such a heroine. She rises late; she eats enormous meals; she paddles up and down a stream in a canoe and a black jersey; she lies about on sofas reading trashy novels; and she is very fond of jam, and of a little dog which she calls Evil Report, because he always follows her. She is of no use and little ornament; indeed, her creator himself in one place suggests that she is only a fit subject for vivisection. Of course the employment of this seductive creature as heroine means mischief, and mischief happens in plenty. She bears a considerable part in making an idler and a vagabond of the clever Cambridge man, the son of a General Lyatt who is reduced to comparative poverty after the manner of Colonel Newcome. There is internal evidence that Mr. Hill intended his General to be a dear old gentleman like the Colonel, but he has only succeeded in making him a ridiculous old fool. After the very warm love scenes indicated above, while the young man is gone to the University to take his degree, Sally "takes on" with a fool of quality, one Bobby Corfe. Lyatt learns (corroborated upon "orror's lead") all in the same morning that he is plucked, jilted, and beggared, and forthwith he forsakes his kindred and his friends, and takes to living in the New Cut with the laudable intention and the likelihood of making a career for himself by carrying a banner in a neighbouring theatre. After that it is not surprising that he should go to sleep on a bench on the Thames Embankment in February. He then takes to drawing clever sketches for comic papers in Paris, and finally to being a villain in melodrama at the Phoenix Theatre, Islington. All the while the fall and rise of this Admirable Crichton are thus progressing, the education of the other hero is being pushed forward, that he also may be introduced to and become the easy prey of the delectable, black-browed virgin, Sally. Alaster McAlpin, who is at one time called a Highlander, and at another a Norseman, but who has the physique and the character which are usually held to distinguish the Lowland Scot, is an extremely shrewd, learned, and hard-working doctor. His career is sketched from the opening chapter, when he first meets Lyatt at a Scotch village with an impossible name, through its several epochs in Edinburgh, London (where he lodges in the same house with the "naturalistic" villain of the story), and Paris (where he again "forgathers" with Lyatt), until he arrives to "practise" in Mudford, and to walk with his eyes open into the snares of the innocent and lovely Sally. When he returns to London to "make a home" for his mistress, Sally of course takes the opportunity to elope with the villain. We may leave the sequel of all this wretched and preposterous business to be found out by those who care to read the novel; although we may say it is not without reason that we are at intervals desired to note the McAlpin's motto, "Slay, and spare not." Mr. John Hill would seem to be still a very young man. He has a clever, flashy style, but he has small discretion in its use, and he has yet to learn some of the elementary principles of the art of fiction; for instance, that dialogue should either serve to elucidate character or to advance the story; his dialogue commonly does neither. We would remind him, too, of his own words on a certain occasion:—"People in ordinary conversation are not *always* making points." His people always are; and they all equally understand and make literary and learned allusions. Harry, the schoolboy, is neither more nor less witty and wise in his talk than his father, the successful lawyer; the father, indeed, often talks like the son, and *vice versa*; and the talk of all is often in execrable taste. If Mr. Hill intends ever again to write a story concerning ladies and gentlemen, or even ordinary men and women, we would advise him not to study "the human document" as revealed only in barmaids and ballet-girls, and third-rate actors and journalists. If he will go farther afield than the Strand or Islington to study character, prune the exuberance of his diction, and repress the desire to put into the mouths of his characters indiscriminately all the good things that occur to him, he may yet write something worth reading.

Our last example is a volume of the now familiar *Family Herald* series of novels. It is a feeble, rambling, and frequently ungrammatical exercise. It is called *A Woman's Love-Story*, but of which of the three women who figure with some prominence in it, and who are "weirdly delighted" or "wrapped in a very dark mantle of self-hatred," with or without reason—of which of them it is the love-story, and what the story exactly is, we have not been able to discover. We have been led into several blind alleys of strange and wonderful narrative in our attempt. We give it up in despair. It is too tedious a conundrum for this short life.

EIGHT CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

A HEARTY welcome will be given to the new edition of George Long's *Sallust*. That admirable scholar enjoyed the rare power of writing for schoolboys without writing down to them. Designed for a series of "Grammar School Classics," his commentary on the *Catilina* and *Jugurtha* became a substantive authority; but the learning and acuteness which it displayed from beginning to end did not fall into mere abstruseness or pedantry. George Long's clear thinking and clear writing rendered his edition of *Sallust* one of the best books to be put into the hands of a schoolboy who had in him the making of a Latinist. The teacher who formed his style upon the notes would have learned the most important lessons in his art. Though they did not contain everything which had been or might have been written, little was omitted which need have been written. To use Long's own words, "the man who has anything of his own to offer had better be content with a few good books to help him and trust to himself for the rest, or not undertake the work at all." He did not flatter himself that he had succeeded in making the history of the Jugurthine War clear to young students. Indeed, it may be doubted whether that was a possible task. His frank recognition of difficulties was greatly preferable to the involved explications of less discreet commentators. Where an "elucidation" could not throw light, he just pointed out the obscurity and then left it alone—e.g. on *Jug.*, xciv., "There is no difficulty in translating . . . and the reader may understand it as he can." But no pains were spared where they would not have been wasted. The note (*Catilina*, xxxiii.) upon the words "argentum vere solutum est" was a model of the close but intelligible statement of a financial question. The Life of *Sallust* prefixed to the commentary told all that was known of the very doubtful matters which were involved. The fulness of Long's own knowledge did not incapacitate him from forming, or make him hesitate to express, a judgment of his own. It would be superfluous to refer to the merits of Long's original edition, had not important researches been made since it first appeared in 1860. Mr. Frazer has revised it with great care; he does not seem to have omitted anything which ought to have stood, and he has brought the book well up to date. He speaks modestly of his work, which has been confined in the main to emendations of the text and to simple critical notes and explanations. The text of *Sallust* presents so many points of doubt and difficulty that Mr. Frazer's readings cannot here be discussed in detail. His variations from Jordan's text in the second edition (1876) are pretty numerous, but in most cases they are not important. The suggestion (which he has adopted from Mr. Postgate) on *Jugurtha*, iii. § 5, is sensible, but not so conclusive as he seems to think. Though the "Quanquam itinere . . . et prolio fessi letique erant" of the MSS. is plainly corrupt, the emendation "fessi leti querant" is full of self-obtruding objections. On the *Jugurtha*, iii., his preference of *virtute* to *estate* is justified; but it is by no means clear that either or any word is required. The MS. reading is quite intelligible without any kind of interpolation, although it is awkward:—"Sicuti effeta Δ parentum multis tempestibus haud sane quisquam Romae virtute magnus fuit." The emphatic position of the *virtute* makes it possible, though perhaps not easy, to construct the word twice, referring it backwards to *parentum* as well as taking it in its proper clause. Mr. Frazer has made good use of the work done by Dietsch and Kritz and others. He has followed Ihne's Jugurthine chronology; and he has rendered Long's work complete by editing Fragments of the Histories.

The Fourth Book of Thucydides, by Mr. Barton and Mr. Chavasse, rises much above the modest claims which are put forward in the preface, being a real contribution to modern Thucydidean research. For ordinary school purposes it is not so available as the nearly contemporaneous publication of Mr. Graves; but it is the book to be given to a promising scholar. If he had digested this closely-packed commentary, he would have

* *Sallust's Catilina and Jugurtha*. Edited by the late George Long. Second Edition, Revised, with the addition of the chief Fragments of the Histories, by J. G. Frazer, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Bell & Sons.

The Fourth Book of Thucydides. Edited, with Notes, by A. T. Barton, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College, Oxford, and A. S. Chavasse, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co.

The Oeconomicus of Xenophon. With Introduction, Explanatory Notes, Critical Appendix, and Lexicon. By Hubert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Editor of Aristophanes, &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

T. Lucretii Cari de Rerum Natura Libri I.—III. Edited, with Introduction and Notes. By J. H. Warburton Lee, M.A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Assistant Master at Rossall School. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses of Ovid. With Introduction and Notes. By Charles Haines Keene, M.A., Dublin, ex-Scholar and Gold Medallist. London: George Bell & Sons.

Handbook on Latin Writing. By Henry Preble and Charles P. Parker, Tutors of Greek and Latin in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.

Fabulae Faciles: a First Latin Reader. Containing detached Sentences and consecutive Stories, with Notes and a Vocabulary. By F. Ritchie, M.A. London: Bivingtons.

Cæsar's Invasion of Britain. Adapted for the Use of Beginners. By W. Welch, M.A., and C. G. Duffield, M.A., Assistant-Masters at Cranleigh School. With Notes, Exercises, and Vocabularies. London: Macmillan & Co.

attained more than a knowledge of the style of Thucydides; he would be well started on the road to an understanding of the Attic Greek. No attempt is made to smooth the learner's way by reducing mountains to molehills. The editors take the pleasure of scholars in the subtleties and intricacies of their work, and they scorn the random facility of go-as-you-please philologists. The only serious exception which can be taken to this edition is the defiant boldness of the translations—e.g. at ch. x.:—“All things brought to pass, as things are here, admitting calculation least, call for risk the quickest.” Something more intelligible, more English, and more like the Greek, might have been found for the words of Thucydides:—*ὅτα γάρ εἰς αἴσχυντα ἀφίκεται, ὥσπερ τάδε, λογισμὸν ἔκποτα ἐνδεχόμενον κινδύνου τοῦ ταχιστοῦ προοδείτα.* A few pages later the same exaggerated simplicity is displayed:—“Nay, they act as wise men who avoid risk by classing their good things as open to double risk.” The Greek words are:—*σωφρόνων δὲ ἀδρόνοις οἵτινες τάχαδα ἐσ ἀμφιβολούσι φαλάς θέντο.* A little more consideration of the form at these (and many other) passages might easily have been combined with the commentator's exactitude. But of fluent translators there are more than enough; and the conscientiousness which Mr. Barton and Mr. Chavasse have sometimes carried to an extreme is too rare a thing to be lightly complained of. Sometimes, again, they fall into subtlety which is almost more than Thucydidean, as in their third appendix which contrasts some active and middle verbs in Attic. They say, for example, that *τὴν μάχην ποιήσαι* (to bring about the engagement) is used of the general, the agent who causes it, whereas *τὸν ἄγωνα ποιεῖσθαι*, immediately following, is used of the army, those deeply interested persons who have to fight it. No scholar would dispute the importance or (in a general way) the applicability of this distinction; but a sober mind will hesitate to accept their explanation of a conflicting usage in Book II., where Phormio (the general) declares *τὸν δὲ ἄγωνα οὐκ ἐν τῷ κώπῳ ἐκώνισται ποιησομέναι.* When Messrs. Barton and Chavasse meet this usage of the middle by saying that “the general here identifies himself with his force,” they are but straining their ingenuity to maintain their author's consistency. Nobody would have written such a note *εἰ μὴ θίσιν διαφύλαττων.* The higher merits of Messrs. Barton and Chavasse's work have not been attained by neglecting the requirements of junior scholars. Their exposition of the aorist and imperfect tenses and their discussions of the Greek particles are careful, and to any but the indolent student they are attractive. Even when the view which they take fails to be convincing—as, for instance, on the position of the particle *τε*—the educational value of their remarks is unimpaired. The student will gain more advantage by finding reasons to disagree with them than from adopting a more facile explanation. Their text is founded upon Bekker's; but it contains important variations which are noted in their places. The second appendix, which analyses the difficult ch. xcix., deserves especial notice. It is impossible to discuss even the chief points of this edition within the space of a short notice. Those who wish to form a fair judgment upon it should read any five or six consecutive chapters. More than this could not be accomplished at one sitting. The book has the great merit of forcing its readers to “chew their meat for themselves.”

Mr. Holden's edition of Xenophon's *Economicus* is learned, complete, and interesting. The chief faults are that too much help is given, and that it is somewhat too big a book. The Lexical Index occupies 172 pages, and the commentary exceeds the text by nearly 200 pages. At the same time it would not be easy to point out what omissions would not be regretted. Under this head might perhaps fall the quotations of authorities downwards from Pliny to Canon Harte (of Windsor) upon the operation of “ploughing in” between the rows of corn. But there is no padding in Mr. Holden's edition, nor does he say the same thing twice over. A living interest is given to the Greek text by the excellent analysis which is prefixed to the commentary on each chapter. The *Economicus* has been hitherto one of the most neglected of Xenophon's writings; but Mr. Holden's edition cannot fail to bring it back into public notice. That impression of unreality which a teacher of the classics has to combat in the minds of his pupils would be dispelled if they were brought face to face with the facts of domestic life in Greece. There are good reasons why the comedies of Aristophanes should not be given to young boys; but Mr. Holden's pictures of Greek home life in his edition of this treatise will serve to fill the gap. Boys and young men who would yawn over the sorrows of Electra, or despise Socrates for a garrulous trifler, can gratify their taste for the concrete by reading Xenophon's *Economicus*. The language of Xenophon does not often demand that minute and painful study which cannot be dispensed with in the case of more elaborate writers; but Mr. Holden's notes will satisfy the needs of an advanced scholar wherever scholarship comes into play. The translations given are always accurate without being formal; and no point of grammar or syntax or language seems to have been omitted or passed lightly over. Mr. Holden always insists upon the exact force which ought to be given to every particle, though he is careful to avoid the vice of *over-translation* which makes some well-meaning commentators' versions read like anything but English. There seems to be a slip in ch. x. on the words *ἥρων εἰ τι ἔχομεν συμβούλευνται ὡς δι τῷ δητὶ καλὴ φαίσσονται.* Mr. Holden says, “This may be either a final clause (in which case &c.), or a relative sentence, ὡς being used for ὅπως, ‘how,’ ‘by what means.’” The shades of difference between similar words (e.g. *ἥρητας* and *ἥριτος*, *ἔρων* and *ἔρωτος*) are clearly noted; and the Latin equivalents are generally given. Thus upon the word *σπόρος* Mr. Holden draws the

distinction between *sementis* and *satio*. On the text Mr. Holden is a moderate conservative. It is to be hoped, in conclusion, that boys will not take to farming with a light heart because Ischomachus maintains that agriculture is an art easy to learn.

Mr. Lee's edition of the first three books of Lucretius is not a book of commanding merits. Those parts of the Introduction which deal with the grammar and metre of Lucretius are well done and will be useful; but the statement of the theories of Lucretius and his predecessors in philosophy is at once sketchy and abstruse. Only those who knew the subject beforehand would derive any profit from Mr. Lee's analysis. But he deserves praise for the clear and careful fashion in which his commentary explains the poet's line of thought and argument—e.g. at i. 215 and 599, and at ii. 251. His critical sense is not very keen; as may be seen from a note at the beginning of Book I. upon the line “*Inde fera pecudes persulant pabula leta,*” where he is divided between three opinions—(1) that *fera* means furiously, (2) that *fera* and *pecudes* make an asyndeton, (3) that *fera* ought to be *fere*. He has shown a wise moderation in the matter of translations, and to the few which he has given no objection is to be taken. In a little book of this kind it would have been in better taste to leave out casual remarks on Mr. Lewis Morris's “fine poem,” and Mr. Matthew Arnold's “beautiful poem,” as well as reference to Mr. Gladstone's quotation from the Second Book in his speech on the Affirmation Bill. No serious fault is to be found with Mr. Lee's book if Lucretius is to be read by immature students; but the *De Rerum Natura* may well be reserved until it can be read in Mr. Munro's edition.

It is a matter for regret that Ovid's *Metamorphoses* have been allowed lately to drop out of the ordinary school course. The requirements of examination boards have pushed young boys into Virgil before they can understand his subtleties or feel his beauties, when they would have been better employed with Ovid's comparative simplicity and more obvious charms. No part of his writings is more suitable for young learners who have mastered the elementary difficulties of Latin than the Thirteenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*, which has been edited by Mr. Keene in a neat and useful volume. The notes are short and fairly good, and they are free from vain repetitions. Mr. Keene's explanations of historical or mythological allusions are clear and sufficient. But he cannot be praised for the translations which he has set down. “*Great, I admit, is the prize sought; but my rival takes away the honour of the contest.*” The words italicized, if they are taken in their natural English meaning, fail to represent Ovid's sentence—“*sed demit honorem Æmulus.*” This version throws no light upon the Latin, and it corrupts a boy's sense of English. The parenthetic *quod nolle* in line 862 might be rendered more briefly than by “*a thing which I could wish were not so.*” But such blemishes in Mr. Keene's edition are not many, since the translations offered are themselves few in number; and it may be thought hypercritical to protest against such a pleonasm as “*from thence.*” Most of the notes upon questions of grammar, syntax, and language are correct, and some are very good. Several little slips are to be noticed, e.g. on line 205, “*Longa referre mora est,*” “*it would be tedious to relate.*” It is doubtful whether Mr. Keene takes *virtutis gratia* rightly when he translates “*gratitude for my valour.*” The easier and more probable interpretation is to preserve the common meaning of *gratia*, and to regard the genitive as possessive rather than objective. The text is edited with care, and Mr. Keene shows good judgment on line 928 in adopting the view which Mr. Robinson Ellis maintained in the Transactions of the Oxford Philological Society, reading *collecto semine*.

Measa, Preble and Parker's *Handbook on Latin Writing* is superfluous without being offensive; it is modest but not meritorious. Part III. contains 100 passages of English for translation into Latin prose, which are well selected and well graduated. But the collectors are much mistaken if they think that the remarks of Part I. and suggestions of Part II. will enable a young composer to tackle the more difficult exercises. The book deals in easy generalities about “*the Roman mind*”; but it contains a few practical hints which would be new to beginners; e.g. where single words such as *pudor* and *officium* are said to be generally sufficient to translate such English phrases as “*feeling of shame*” and “*sense of duty*.” In seeking to be subtle on the order of words in a Latin sentence the writers have become fantastic, not to say misleading. Their theory of the Latin Moods deserves to be quoted:—“*In Latin the great difference between the indicative and subjunctive is that the indicative deals with FACTS; the subjunctive deals with THOUGHTS or IDEAS, representing sometimes an idea what may exist also as a fact.* This distinction kept constantly in mind will serve to clear away most of the fog that hovers about the practical use of the subjunctive mood.” If Messrs. Preble and Parker mean to say what they have said, they mean wrong; and if they mean to say something different, it is a pity that they did not learn to express themselves in English before they undertook to teach others to write Latin.

Fabulae Faciles is a little boy's Latin book which is likely to be useful, if there are not already too many publications of this class. It is free from serious faults, and has positive merits. Upon the sentence “*Hostes sagittas miserant*” Mr. Ritchie writes the note “*Hostes* does not show by its form whether it is nom. or acc., but *sagittas* can only be acc.; therefore *hostes* must be nom.” The explanation is obvious enough, yet very few teachers of the elements would give it in so complete and suggestive a shape. Mr. Ritchie seems to understand a pupil's mind, and he makes “parsing” an essential part of the translation, and not a trouble-

some excrescence; the help in difficulty, not an extra task. The Readings are so arranged as to keep questions of Accidence and Syntax apart from questions of Idiom and to lead the learner gradually onwards from quite simple to slightly complicated sentences. It is to be regretted that Mr. Ritchie has preserved that shadowy entity of grammarians, the English vocative case (amici = O my friends), and reproduced an artificial and false distinction between the meanings of the gerundive based upon difference of cases—thus (1) “The gerundive in nom. or acc. without prepositions implies meetness, duty, or necessity,” and (2) “The gerundive attraction”—i.e. where a gerundive stands in agreement with a noun in the gen., dat., or abl. cases, or in the acc. with prepositions. This construction is said to be “equivalent to a transitive gerund with an object.” How do these rules meet the Virgilian *Volvenda dies*? Why, again, does Mr. Ritchie say that it is “advisable to avoid the use of ‘when’ in translating the Ablative Absolute”? The “Consecutive Stories” of Part II. are well arranged in short lessons. Some of the English Readings exhibit specimens of that class of humour known as “schoolmaster’s jokes.”

Cæsar’s Invasion of Britain is a good reading-book for beginners in Latin. The notes, which deal chiefly with simple points of syntax, are short and generally sufficient. The explanation of *ac* in *simul ac venit vicit* is not so complete as the two editors think, when they say that the full form “*simul vicit ac simul venit*” was afterwards shortened to *simul ac venit vicit*. The transposition of *vicit* and *venit* remains to be accounted for. The desire of brevity has again made them obscure when they remark that “Cæsar cannot be correct in saying that tin is found in the midland districts, as the tin mines of Cornwall are older than any historical record.” Little boys might well fail to fill in this elliptical reasoning. The exercises are arranged to illustrate the elementary rules of Latin composition.

AMERICAN METHODS OF TEACHING HISTORY.*

BELIEVING that no subject is taught in the United States at once so widely and so poorly as history, several professors and others at American Universities have put forth this collection of essays expounding the true principles of their craft, and showing how they themselves actually teach. While it is evident from these essays and reports that the same evil practices prevail in certain benighted schools on both sides of the Atlantic, it must be confessed that, in point of method at least, there are few of our history teachers who have not much to learn from the best American professors. Protests against “memorizing” are not without point in a land where *Mangan’s Questions* and other like abominations are still widely used. And though probably there is no one who cannot boast, to quote the words of the Honourable Elijah Pogram, “that bright his home is in the Settin’ Sun,” that is so utterly “unspiled by withering conventionalities” as to assert with a certain Amasa Walker, smitten under the fifth rib by Dr. Ely, that ignorance of a subject should not disqualify a man from teaching it, yet it by no means follows that this opinion, which has, we are told, been much approved in America, is not carried into practice elsewhere. While, however, there is nothing to choose between the worst teachers of either country, the rules for taking notes at lectures given by Professor Adams may be read with profit by certain English teachers of a higher class, who know so little of their business as to encourage their pupils to attempt to write down every word of their discourses. Fully alive to the evils attendant on over-lecturing, the American professors have largely adopted the Seminar system, first instituted by Professor Ranke, in which a voluntary association formed for research and mutual criticism holds meetings under the presidency of a professor. The remarks of Professor Emerton, of Harvard, on the place of this system in higher instruction form the most interesting part of the volume before us. What excellent results have followed its introduction into France under the title of the *Conférence* is known to every one acquainted with the progress in historical study made in that country during the last twenty years. The writers of these essays will be glad to hear that the system they so ably advocate was a few years ago introduced at Oxford, though in a modified form, through the exertions of an American undergraduate, and that it has already done something to mitigate the evils inseparable from incessant lecturing by leading men to think for themselves, and, to a certain extent, to use original authorities—the two special advantages insisted on by Professor Emerton. On this matter of authorities, however, the essays, taken as a whole, perhaps discover a weak point in the American system. By some, at least, of the writers, far too little distinction seems to be made between original and second-hand historical authors. For it certainly seems strange to us to describe as guidance in “research” directions to a pupil to read some marked chapters of Milman, and to get up the effects of the French Revolution out of a volume of an epoch series, however well written the manual may be. Still this remark does not apply to all the essays alike. Together with a certain amount of rather tall talk such as seems dear to some writers and speakers on education in our own land, the professors give a good deal of practical and highly valuable

* *Methods of Teaching and Studying History.* Pedagogical Library. Vol. I. Edited by G. S. Hall. Second Edition. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co. 1885.

advice to their fellow-teachers. Dr. Ely’s short paper, for example, on the right method of teaching the elements of political economy strikes us as full of good suggestions, though we are not prepared to agree with him in all he says. Speaking of this essay we must express a fervent hope that, however good the intellectual results may have been, the master of the school near Baltimore, whose pupils learnt the nature of “negotiable securities” through being given such scanty supplies of butter that they treated their rations as money, has himself learnt the truth of Solomon’s excellent economic saying concerning him that withholdeth more than is meet. The last essay deals with the question, Why do children dislike history? As a matter of fact few children do. At the same time we so far agree with Mr. Higginson as to allow that, when a child does dislike it, the teacher is generally to blame. Part of his argument, however, strikes us as both queer and faulty. Girls, he says, “like to read the *Swiss Family Robinson*, or to dress up for a centennial tea-party”; and as “the early Puritan history is all *Swiss Family Robinson*,” better too, and “the colonial and revolutionary periods are all a centennial tea-party,” therefore they ought to find equal pleasure in them. Judging, however, from a remembrance of boyhood, it was just the Puritan element that was the crook in our lot in reading the otherwise pleasing tale that he describes as dear to girls—in our young days it was held to be essentially a boy’s book. And though our views on centennial tea-parties, we regret to say, are hazy, we know enough of girls to be sure that Mr. Higginson has forgotten that the history lesson lacks one special charm of the tea-party in the absence of the new frock. The volume ends with a good list of historical literature written in English. This list would have been of far greater use to teachers if the editor had given a few more descriptive notes.

THE FAITH OF CATHOLICS.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL is a bold man. By favour of the late Cardinal Wiseman and the author of *Lothair* he enjoyed for awhile a somewhat prominent position, social and ecclesiastical, in this country, and was even made Rector of the so-called Catholic University of Kensington; an institution which, we believe, numbered more professors than students during its very brief existence, but speedily attained under his management to what his present transatlantic associates would designate “almighty smash.” And now, after a period of transient obscurity, this “bright occidental star” has risen again with renovated radiance over that happy hunting-ground of “the men who have failed” at home, the United States of America. Mgr. Capel accordingly comes forward to offer to “the People of the United States”—with a gushing, or as some illmatured critics might feel tempted to call it, a fulsome dedication—a new edition of the well-known *Faith of Catholics*, in three portly volumes. Now we must confess that the first announcement of this work considerably perplexed us. At the time of the Vatican Council Mgr. Capel, who had previously rather affected a line of studied moderation—out of opposition some people said to his Archbishop—chose suddenly to pose as an eager trumpeter of the new infallibilist dogma, and he tells us, in the very first paragraph of his preface to the reprint he has just edited, that his great object in publishing it is to refute the current—and not perhaps wholly unnatural—opinion, “that as late as 1854 and 1870 the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of the Infallibility of the Pope have been added to the Creed of the Roman Church.” On the contrary, we are assured that the Vatican Council in 1870 has made no further addition to the original Revelation than the first Apostolic Council of Jerusalem recorded in *Acts xv*. And this is to be proved by testimonies of Councils and Fathers of the first five centuries of the Church. Such a body of evidence, we are reminded, was compiled early in the present century by two English priests, Messrs. Berington and Kirke, and a later edition was issued by the Jesuit Father Waterworth. Now it is notorious that both the original compilers of this work and its subsequent editor, Father Waterworth, were pronounced Gallicans; the latter is classed by Cardinal Newman in his *Letter on the Eirenicon* with such leading Gallican divines of his day as Dr. Oliver, Dr. Lingard, and Mr. Tierney—whom he represents as the legitimate spokesmen of the English Roman Catholic body—and, if we are not mistaken, Father Waterworth’s open avowal of his principles brought him into difficulties with the authorities of his Church, after the Ultramontane reaction fostered by the rank and file of the converts had set in in England. Whether he survived the Vatican Council we are not sure; certainly he did not long survive it, and if he was ever called on to subscribe the Infallibilist dogma, it may safely be assumed that he made a very wry face over it. That either he or Messrs. Berington and Kirke ever dreamt of such a doctrine being included in the *Faith of Catholics* even Mgr. Capel, though he is a bold man, does not venture to assert; there is indeed express proof to the contrary, as will presently appear. Why then does he republish it rather than compile a fresh treatise of his own in support of his two new dogmas, which he assures us are not new at all, but as old as the Apostolic Council of Jerusalem? Partly perhaps from some vague consciousness that such an attempt might overtask the energies of a much abler

* *The Faith of Catholics Confirmed by Scripture and Attested by the Fathers of the First Five Centuries.* With Preface by Mgr. Capel, D.D. 3 vols. New York and Cincinnati: Pustet & Co. 1885.

man than himself; partly no doubt because the *Faith of Catholics* has long had a high reputation in the Anglo-Roman community as a standard, or rather the standard, apology for their distinctive beliefs, and if it can be so stretched and adapted as to seem to cover the ancient novelties they are now asked to include in their creed, a great point would be gained. It is afeat that reminds one of Peter's ingenious manipulation of his father's will in the *Tale of a Tub*. However the fact that there has been a little judicious stretching and adaptation could not fail to be so obvious, even "to the meanest capacity," to say nothing of the "quick intelligence" of such "ardent lovers of knowledge" as the American people, that the editor thought it prudent to anticipate an inevitable criticism by a partial confession. He tells us in his preface, therefore, that Father Waterworth's edition of the book "is now given to the public with sundry corrections," though he omits to specify what they are. Moreover, "there has been added to it a chapter from the work of the learned and venerated Bishop Ullathorne on the Immaculate Conception, and a translation of the First Dogmatic Constitution of the General Council of the Vatican." How Messrs. Kirke and Berington would have stared at these *novus fructus* and *non sive poma* pendent on their ancient tree, may be more readily imagined than expressed. The apparition must be almost enough to make them turn in their graves.

It will then be seen that the main interest of this new edition of the *Faith of Catholics* hinges on its bearing, real or assumed, on modern controversies, and it would moreover be impossible to discuss the work on its own merits—which are not inconsiderable, if judged by the design of its original compilers—without raising afresh the whole question at issue between the Roman Catholic and the various rival forms of Christianity, for which we have neither space nor occasion here. We may add that it was drawn up during an interval when Anglican, as distinct from purely Protestant, principles may be said to have had no visible existence, and a great deal of the contention of its compilers would be at once admitted, or rather insisted upon, by English High Churchmen of our own day, as by their ancestors of the Caroline era. On the other hand the "orthodox Protestantism" of that age was little disturbed as yet by Agnostic assaults, and hence the compilers explain that they thought it superfluous to defend such fundamental truths as Original Sin, the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, because "they are generally admitted by all societies of Christians," except Socinians, and for the same reason they "passed lightly over the Sacrament of Baptism." We may confine ourselves then in such comments as we have room for here to exposing the audacious *tour de force* by which Mgr. Capel endeavours to shelter under the venerable names of Kirke and Berington opinions he must be perfectly aware that they neither advocated nor entertained. Their purpose, as stated themselves, was to establish each proposition they lay down on "that which in these (first) five centuries was taught and believed—not in one, but in all; not by one Father, but by a succession of them—as the faith of all the Churches"; and as this will suffice to prove the Catholic religion to be Apostolical, "the deduction of the proof through a longer period of time would have added nothing to the evidence." The hopelessness of establishing Papal Infallibility by such a process would have been to none more evident than to themselves. Their final appeal is to the authority not of Popes but Councils, which on the Papal theory are at least a clumsy superfluity; "when they speak, their voice is decisive. They form the representative body of the Universal Church." The writers of course maintain "the primacy (not supremacy) of the Roman Bishop over all the Churches," and they consider his "vigilant superintendence" one, but only one, out of many "moral causes of the perpetuity of faith." They are careful again to limit "the inerrancy of the Church" strictly to "matters relating to faith only, and propounded as such," excluding "matters of fact not relating to faith, matters of discipline, of speculation, or of civil policy," on which they observe that "these things are no revelations deposited in the Church, in regard of which alone she has the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit"; a limitation utterly repugnant to modern Ultramontane pretensions. Propositions XIV. and XV. shall be cited as they stand:—

PROP. XIV.

It is no article of the Catholic faith to believe that the Pope is in himself infallible, separated from the Church even in expounding the faith; by consequence papal definitions or decrees, in whatever form pronounced, taken exclusively of General Council, on acceptance by the Church, oblige none under pain of heresy to interior assent.

It is hardly necessary to say that this is the direct and formal contradictory of the Vatican dogma.

PROP. XV.

Nor do Catholics, as Catholics, believe that the Pope has any *direct or indirect* authority over the temporal concerns of States or the jurisdiction of Princes. Hence, should the Pope pretend to absolve, or to dispense His Majesty's subjects from their allegiance, on account of heresy or schism, such dispensation they would view as frivolous and null.

This is a direct contradiction of the twenty-third Proposition of the Syllabus and indirectly contravenes several others. And now we are in a position to gauge the value of Mgr. Capel's truly marvellous assertion that "the extracts given in the chapters, 'The Primacy of St. Peter' and 'The Primacy of the Successors of St. Peter,' fully uphold this [Vatican] decision." He shows his discretion certainly in not undertaking to cite any fresh extracts for his purpose, for the merest tiro in Church history knows that a passage in favour of Papal Infalli-

bility professing to come from any Council or Father of the first five centuries would at once betray itself as a self-evident anachronism. But a writer must be allowed to have the courage of what we must charitably presume to be his opinion, when he gravely refers his readers for the proof of Papal Infallibility to a collection of extracts put together for a wholly different purpose by compilers who, on the strength of those same authorities, expressly repudiate it. They have placed at the close of these same two chapters, on the Primacy of St. Peter and of his Successors, which according to Mgr. Capel "fully uphold" Papal Infallibility, and as part of a summary of their contents, the proposition quoted just now, declaring it to be "no article of Catholic faith." It is open to him of course, if he pleases, to argue for the doctrine on other grounds, but to base it on testimonies of the first five centuries, a thousand years before it was ever heard of, cited in the very work he is editing partly with the avowed object of disproving it, can only be regarded as a very simple or a very subtle application of the principle of contraries. There is a river in Monmouth and a river in Macedonia, and Papal Primacy and Papal Infallibility both have to do with the Pope; ergo to prove his primacy is to prove his infallibility. Q.E.D. To be sure Berington and Kirke did not go quite so far as Archbishop Hamilton, the last Roman Catholic Primate of Scotland and Papal Legate, whose elaborate and extremely interesting *Catechism*—going over much the same ground as the Tridentine *Catechismus ad Parochos*—has just been republished with a preface by Mr. Gladstone. For not only does he make no single mention of the Pope from beginning to end of what professes to be a minute and detailed exposition of Catholic doctrine, but he concludes a long chapter on the rights and functions of bishops and priests with the significant remark that, "as for other orders and dignities of the Church, we think them not necessary to be expounded to you, because the knowledge of them makes not much to your edification." The *Faith of Catholics*, as we have seen, does include a recognition of Papal Primacy, but mentions Papal Infallibility only to reject it. Yet this is the work deliberately presented to "the People of the United States," in order to convince them of the doctrine it neither proves nor admits. Mgr. Capel must after all have formed a rather poor opinion of their "quick intelligence," if he seriously expects them to swallow so portentous a paradox; and if he has managed to swallow it himself, the less said of his own "quick intelligence" the better. To append to such a work a translation of the Vatican decrees betrays, to say the least, a defective sense of humour. To all classical scholars it must inevitably recall the famous Horatian adage—probably not familiar to the editor—of the too ambitious painter who surmounted a human body with horse's neck. We have no intention of entering on a controversial discussion of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. But we may venture to recommend to Mgr. Capel's notice, before he again volunteers his services as a Vatican apologist, a treatise on the *Pontifical Decrees against the Doctrine of the Earth's Movement and the Ultramontane Defence of them*, just republished with a new and very instructive Introduction by its author, the Rev. W. Roberts, formerly "a Priest of the Province of Westminster," and who has not, so far as we are aware, renounced his orders or his creed. It proves to demonstration, for all who can apprehend that two and two make four, how fatally Papal Infallibility committed itself through and through in the sixteenth century, by the formal condemnation of Galileo's "heresy," that the Earth moves round the Sun, to the proposition that the Copernican astronomy—which no Roman Catholic now dreams of disputing—"is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture." Whether Papal Infallibility is true in any sense or in no sense, is a problem we may be content to leave to the ingenuity of theological experts; that, if it be true in any but the most highly sublimated and "non-natural" sense, the annual rotation of the earth is a scientific falsehood and a doctrinal heresy, is a point not open to reasonable dispute. But the courage which essays to detect proof of the Vatican dogma in a work compiled to prove *inter alia* that "it is no article of Catholic faith," may perhaps prove equal to the effort of discovering a fresh confirmation of it in the circumstance that, on a question of worldwide interest and notoriety, papal inerrancy was convicted of a very grave mistake.

NINE STORIES.*

THE author of *The Open Door* and *Old Lady Mary* seems designedly to contrast very dissimilar views of ghost stories. The first is of the more ordinary and popular type; it appeals to our common love of mystery, it effectively sets forth the entrancing power of unaccountable sounds and then proceeds to destroy the fascination by an altogether incredible apparition. The ghost is not worthy of his prelude. The Society for Psychical Research might investigate the phenomena of sound that herald the ghost of *The Open Door*, but no member of that enthusiastic fraternity is likely to treat the ghost with respect. Every one knows how much more gruesome and fearful are inexplicable sounds, heard in the dead night in forest or plain, than strange or curious sights. Sounds that can be attributed to nothing in nature, unless it be

* *Two Stories of the Seen and Unseen*. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

Nan; and other Stories. By L. B. Walford. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

the tormented mandrake and the moaning whispers that "syllable men's names," are more truly horrid than the thin blue ghosts of average imagings. These you can appeal to, and they will answer if truly disembodied and not false simulacra; those freeze you by their disconcerting independence. *The Open Door* is a story of the Seen, not of the Unseen; it illustrates the dread and awful potency of inexplicable sounds very successfully until those sounds are traced to a gibbering and uninteresting spectre, when disillusion spoils the feast of fancy like an after-dinner speech.

Very superior as a psychical study is *Old Lady Mary*. This is not only an analogue of great moral beauty, but it combines dignity with homeliness in treating a subject that has suffered on the evangelical side from a too familiar vulgarity, and, on the other hand, from a cold, unsympathetic transcendentalism. *Old Lady Mary* is a pleasant and rather worldly person in comfortable circumstances, who when past eighty years of age has no fear or expectation of death. "She was very old, and therefore it was very hard for her to make up her mind to die." This is the text of the author's parable, and it contains a truth that is not by any means of general acceptance. *Lady Mary* rejects with natural equanimity all the arguments of her lawyer that she should make her will under his directions. One night, however, she secretly draws up the document, by which she wishes to benefit her companion, a distant relative known as *Little Mary*. This will she conceals in the secret drawer of an old cabinet, and chuckles quietly as she anticipates its discovery and the mortification of her solicitor. Before she reveals this secret *Lady Mary* passes away painlessly, yet so unconsciously that it is as if in a dream that she attains another existence; she imagines herself still on earth when she awakes to find herself strong, walking without her stick, and among old friends. She learns the truth after she is conducted by a friend of her youth through innumerable rooms to one in which she is left in solitude. From this mysterious chamber she at length issues, wounded by the intolerable sense of all the follies of her life; these, however, are at last drowned in the bitter recollection of her last foolish act, by which she has injured, and not benefited, *little Mary*. She discovers that *little Mary* is now no better than a servant in her old home, blessing her memory in spite of her cruel forgetfulness. By her piteous prayers *Lady Mary* is permitted to leave her purgatorial abode, and visits the earth to attempt to rectify her error. How she effects this and by what strange agency, the pathos of it and the pain, we forbear to tell; it is narrated with the saddest, most suggestive, mysticism. The pitiful helplessness of the disembodied, the rude slights they suffer on earth, the anguish and sorrow of their second sojourn, are powerfully portrayed in the experience of *Lady Mary*. It is a merit in this striking little story that it does not minister merely to curiosity, nor is it only a speculative forecasting of a future life; it is characterized by an ingenious and wholesome realism and a wise sobriety.

With considerable diversity of aim, Mrs. Walford's seven stories are rather slight in conception. They are all, with a few small slips, well written, and may be read with pleasure. The loves and wooings of very young people have seldom been more lightly and deftly depicted than in *Nan and Mattie* and *Bee or Beatrix*. The lovers of these pretty damsels are fortunate young fellows; and, though not heroic after the fashion of the average lady novelist, are very genial youth who deserve their good luck. *Mattie* is our favourite, for she is a suffering and patient creature, and her story is an addition to the large product of the *Cinderella* myth. There is no fairy, it is true, no pumpkin, no crystal slipper, no delicate equipage; but there are two plump and spiteful elder sisters, a rich young lover, a modern carriage, and a charming dénouement to a pretty tale. The small insincerities of affection are tellingly illustrated in *Bee or Beatrix*, though Mrs. Walford displays a little carelessness in treating of the details of sport. *Purdey*, the gunmaker, should not be rendered *Purdie* as if he were a North Briton, nor should *Westley-Richards* have separate individualities. It is an oversight in the author to ask "why should *Bee* be so different when she stays out to what she is at home?" Mrs. Walford's fourth story, *Fashion and Fancy*, has a special distinction. It is a skilful example of a kind of writing in which Jane Taylor excelled, and Mrs. Walford, if she has read that forgotten writer, will, we hope, appreciate our classification. Her bright and admirable little fable has a moral for ladies which none will heed, though many will feel its force; we are not sanguine, however, that its delicate satire will abate the illogical rule of fashion or the inconsistencies of its devotees.

TWO BOOKS ON ENGLISH COINS.*

WE have never been able to make up our minds how large an order of the genus collector is constituted by the amateur of coins. For, on the one hand, as any one who has the misfortune to possess, or what is worse to be supposed to possess, some special knowledge on the subject discovers, the number of persons who have a few coins which they would "just like him to look at" is almost endless; on the other hand, there are such wild and almost superstitious notions afloat as to the value of old coins that it would seem as if the possessors of these collections cannot

have had much share in the forming of them. This state of things puts the unhappy expert in a very trying position. He must either be guilty of a great deal of apparent incivility or be the unwilling destroyer of long cherished illusions. No plea of ignorance will save him. No matter if his small numismatic efforts have lain in such directions as the coinage of the Achean League or the early monetary system of China, he is expected to pronounce a verdict upon the Northumberland shilling of George III. or the tradesmen's tokens of the seventeenth century. It is hard, therefore, to congratulate any one upon writing a book on coins, seeing the afflictions to which he exposes himself. But we may congratulate ourselves when one more is added to the good handbooks to which the "young collector" can be referred. For it is a fact that in the region of English numismatics, in which our collectors far outnumber those in all other branches put together, such books are not too numerous. *Henfrey's Guide to English Coins* is a valuable little book, but it is at present out of print. We hope that a new edition will soon be forthcoming. The two chief works on English coins—*Hawkins's English Silver Coins*, which Mr. Lloyd Kenyon not long ago re-edited, and Mr. Kenyon's own *English Gold Coins*—are both good and useful books in their way; but on account of their price they are beyond the compass of the beginner, and also, it must be confessed, on account of the peculiar method of their arrangement, about as difficult reading as it would be possible to find on any subject. Still, they exist, and are likely to remain the standard works on the branches with which they deal. *Mr. Montagu's Copper, Tin, and Bronze Coinage of England* comes to supplement these, and to complete the series so far as the coinage of this country is concerned.

The requisites in the way of either historical or numismatic knowledge for the writing of this book are by no means so great as for the other two of which we have spoken. For the copper coinage of England only begins in the reign of Charles II.; and, though Mr. Montagu has somewhat enlarged his scope by including the patterns of coins and some patterns of tokens made before a regular coinage was taken in hand, still all these additions do not carry us further back than the reign of Elizabeth. And, truth to tell, there is evidence that Mr. Montagu has not read very widely round the immediate subject of his inquiries. It is rather misleading, for example, to speak, as he does in his first page, of the many Imperial Roman coins "struck at London and other Romano-British mints," when the fact is that, save during the short usurpation of Carausius and Allectus, London was the only Roman mint in this country. Undoubtedly it was not necessary to give the historical introduction which Mr. Montagu prefixes to his account of our copper coins; but, if given at all, it might have been fuller and more exact. We should have been glad if Mr. Montagu had had any theory to suggest as to what supplied the place of a minute currency in the middle ages, when the smallest denomination was the silver farthing, whose purchasing value must have been at least equal to a shilling at the present day. No one has yet thoroughly investigated the subject. It is probable enough that the little copper tokens or counters, often called *Abbey tokens*, did at times supply the place of small change, though the pieces were, it is pretty certain, not originally intended to serve as tokens of value so much as for counters in computation. But when we come to the actual purport of the book, we give Mr. Montagu every credit for the clearness, simplicity, and accuracy of his descriptions. And, though his book is no rival in point of research to the *Silver Coins of England* or the *Gold Coins of England*, it must be confessed that it has the decided advantage of them in point of arrangement and the facilities which it offers for reference. It is again, on the whole, an advantage to have the illustrations inserted in the text, and not relegated to the series of plates at the end of the volume. Something is lost in accuracy by this method, in so far as it involves the use of wood-blocks in the place of autotype photographic plates; but in Kenyon and Hawkins the old method of steel engraving is adhered to, which is not more accurate than engraving on wood. It appears that the blocks for Mr. Montagu's book were made some time ago (the book itself is, in fact, partly founded upon material collected by the late Henry Christies for a similar work); in the present day it would be possible by mechanical processes to obtain quite accurate reproductions of coins upon moveable blocks. Ugly as all the English copper coins have been, it is yet the fact that their ugliness has gone on in an ascending ratio, those of Charles II.—the first authorized English copper coins—being the most nearly artistic in treatment. The figure of Britannia on the reverse is very generally said to have been taken from Frances Stewart, Duchess of Richmond. Mr. Montagu doubts the truth of this assertion, on the grounds that this figure was apparently adopted on coins of Charles II. before that lady was taken into his favour. But, if Mr. Montagu will turn to his *Pepys*, he will see that Mrs. Stewart was at Court very early in the year 1663, whereas the coinage in question dates from nine years later. Mr. Montagu has nothing to say touching the origin of the curious myth which has sprung up around the Queen Anne's farthing—seemingly in quite recent years—to the effect that that coin is of great rarity and of fabulous worth. The myth has grown to such extravagant proportions that it seems a matter rather for the anthropologist than the numismatist. But Mr. Montagu might have done more to show what is the true state of the case.

Major Stewart Thorburn's book is a list of the prices of English coins, which, though the prices seem to us rather high, will, it is hoped, do much to gently disabuse those possessors of inherited

* *The Copper, Tin, and Bronze Coinage and Patterns for Coins of England*. By H. Montagu. London: Rollin & Feuardent.

Guide to the Coins of Great Britain and Ireland. By Major W. Stewart Thorburn. London: L. Upcott Gill.

collections whom we spoke of above of the delusions which are so distressing to the numismatist. The reason of the comparative highness of Major Thorburn's valuations we suppose to lie in the fact that he quotes from the catalogues of public sales, where the pieces disposed of are generally picked specimens. It is hardly accurate to call this book simply a Guide to British Coins, as it would not be guide sufficient without the assistance either of the chief works on the subject or of Mr. Henfrey's *Guide to English Coins*, of which we spoke just now, and which seems, moreover, to have acquired a prescriptive right to its title.

STORIA UNIVERSALE DELLA LETTERATURA.*

THE editor and publisher may be congratulated upon the completion of the series of volumes illustrating the history of literature, which has now been brought to a conclusion and within the limit of time as originally undertaken. In the space of two years a work has been published which places within the reach of Italian readers a considerable body of information, together with well-selected examples of the various authors and subjects which have been under treatment and discussion. It can hardly fail to be of service in promoting the cause of higher education, and will be of especial use to those who are unable to make acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature of other countries, which are now presented in an Italian dress. As was done upon the occasion of former notices of the previous volumes of the series, it is proposed only to call some attention to such portions of those now before us as especially belong to England. It is always an unpleasant task to have to remark upon any shortcomings in meritorious work, and to point out instances of carelessness and inattention. But such exist, and it must be noted that in the volume dedicated to the history of Satirical Literature, England is credited with a writer cited as Th. *Coryare*, presumably intended for Coryat, the author of the *Crudities*, who figures in a very miscellaneous list ending with one Tom Dishington. Later on mention is made of "Roberto Burton col suo *poema Anatoma della malinconia*," and who is said to have anticipated the humour of Swift and Sterne. Of Swift's own satirical writings an account is given, which suggests the notion of its having been borrowed from Thackeray's very unjust character of the great Dean of St. Patrick. Among other things, his want of delicacy is mentioned; and this is a complaint which appears with a very bad grace in a work which gives a full translation of the whole of the Sixth Satire of Juvenal among its specimens of Roman literature in this department. No notice is taken of Fielding and Thackeray as English satirists; but it may have been thought that they have been sufficiently honoured in their place among the novelists.

In the History of Eloquence the great English statesman of the early part of the last century is introduced as *Orazio Walpole*—a blunder not to be excused by the greater familiarity which may perhaps exist in Italy with the name of Sir Robert's younger son as an English man of letters. Nor is it creditable in such a work that the elder Pitt should be named as *Lord Chatam*, or that *Lord North* should appear as *Lord Worth*, or that the English political party which seems just at this moment in some danger of being overlaid by its big bedfellow should be designated as *wilgs*. In another passage, among the speakers of "discorsi eloquentissimi," Lord Palmerston is included, and with him and others is joined one "Richard." Unless this is the Christian name of Cobden, which has by some accident become dissociated from the surname, and made to do duty as a separate individual, it is difficult to guess for whom it can be meant. These mistakes in names are, unfortunately, common enough in France, but it is to be hoped that they will not also become frequent in Italy.

SOME MATHEMATICAL TEXT-BOOKS.

THE difficulty which the student experiences in obtaining clear ideas of dynamical principles is so evident that it is incumbent on the writer who seeks to instruct him in them to pay the most careful attention to the language he uses. Nevertheless, we find books of importance in which it is only too obvious that no trouble has been taken in the matter because it has not entered the minds of the writers that any trouble was needed. Probably no living being would confound "velocity" with "space"; yet we find in two recent works definitions given of velocity which in terms do so. Professor Despeyrous, in his *Cours de Mécanique* (Tome 1. Paris: Hermann), at p. 154, says that, in the case of uniform rectilinear motion, "on donne le nom de vitesse à l'espace parcouru dans l'unité de temps," and Mr. Daniell, in his *Text-Book of the Principles of Physics* (London: Macmillan & Co.), at p. 52, falls into precisely the same abyss. In the presence of such enormities no fear of being thought hypercritical should be allowed to influence the reviewer; it is his bounden duty to be exacting in his demands that no looseness of expression shall lead the student to regard inaccuracy as a matter of little moment as long as it does not slip into formulæ. *An Elementary Treatise on Dynamics*, by Professor Williamson and Dr. Tarleton (London: Longmans & Co.), must accordingly

* *Storia Universale della Letteratura*. Di Angelo de Gubernatis. Vols. XIII. to XVIII. Satira—Eloquenza—Doctrina Filosofica. 1884—1885.

be gibbeted as a grievous offender. Written by men of repute, one of whom, Professor Williamson, is the author of text-books on the Calculus which are widely appreciated, arranged on an excellent plan, bringing under one cover all those parts of particle-dynamics, rigid-dynamics, and thermo-dynamics which are required by the student who does not desire to go very deeply into those subjects, and proof against adverse comment as far as the purely mathematical treatment is concerned, except at the hands of those who, like ourselves, would have been glad to have seen a corner, at any rate, given to more modern methods, it is bristling with faults of expression, so trifling typographically that a few hours' work would put them straight, and yet so important that their influence for evil cannot be disregarded with safety. What, for example, can justify the use of such a sentence as:—"In what time would a body acquire a velocity of 100 feet if it start from rest with a uniform acceleration of 32 feet?" It is but a step from this to the definitions of Professor Despeyrous and Mr. Daniell. If the expressions "a velocity of 100 feet per second," "an acceleration of 32 feet per second per second," are too long, they may be cut down to "a velocity 100" and "an acceleration 32," which, though objectionable enough, are harmless compared with those which lead the student to believe that the element of distance plays a more important part than that of time. That the authors have not considered what is the proper expression to be employed in defining a particular velocity is manifest when we turn over their pages; sometimes a velocity is one of so many feet, sometimes a "per sec." is thrown in. Again, at page 16 we have, but six lines apart, the statements that the acceleration of the motion of a point "can be represented both in magnitude and direction by a right line, in the same manner as any other velocity," and "accelerations are compounded and resolved according to the same laws as velocities." Is the student to regard an acceleration as a velocity or not? It is clear that the authors have not given a thought to the question. We do not propose to turn our columns into a list of errata, and we shall not, therefore, go through the numerous other instances of the same sort upon which we could lay our fingers. Our object is to make readers and writers see that such matters ought to be attended to. If they are led to search for these errors in the writings of others, we shall have reduced the chances of the commission of like errors by themselves, and shall have added our mite to the sum total of human accuracy.

Every bane has its antidote, and the student need not hesitate to read and profit by the *Elementary Treatise on Dynamics* if he takes the precaution to first make himself master of *Energy and Motion: a Text-Book of Elementary Mechanics*, by W. Paice, M.A. (London: Cassell & Co., Limited). This admirable little book is written by one who is fully alive to the prevalence of faults of the species to which we have been alluding, and as the result we have a treatise which is a model of clearness and precision.

The general plan of Professor J. M. Taylor's *Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus* (Boston, U.S.: Ginn, Heath, & Co.) is much to be commended. He regards the Calculus as a whole, and does not countenance the conventional treatment which requires the student to finish his text-book on the Differential Calculus before he is told what integration is. The chapter on differentiation is followed by one on the inverse process, and generally, as far as possible, integration and differentiation proceed *pari passu*. Surely this is the most rational mode of dealing with the subject, and the most likely to interest the student. The details, as far as we have examined them, have been carefully considered; and the printer's part of the work—in a mathematical book a matter of by no means secondary importance—has been executed in a way that it would be a mistake to overlook.

Mr. Knox's *Differential Calculus for Beginners* (London: Macmillan & Co.), the object of which is to "help to bring the idea of a Differential Coefficient more within the grasp of beginners," is a mistake. If separate text-books are to be studied on every point which presents difficulties to the beginner, that unhappy being will have to possess himself of a vast library, his labours will be increased—as he will have to be constantly going over familiar ground, and his knowledge will be wanting in continuity. What is needed is a reduction of the number of text-books, not a multiplication. Mr. Knox seems to ignore the fact that a "beginner" upon the Calculus must, or should, have had some previous mathematical training; the student who would require his book has no business to study the Calculus at all. Objection must be taken to the petty detail and repellent arrays of decimals with which the book is eked out; they are calculated to give the false notion that the subject is a dry and uninviting one, instead of being, as it is, full of interest. The language of Mr. Knox is in general correct, but something is wanting in the first sentence on p. 83, namely:—"If a function increases at a diminishing rate, like a stone thrown straight up in the air, &c."

Factors in Algebra discovered by Arrangement, Trial, and Symmetry: with Applications (London: Groombridge & Sons) is best described as ridiculously bad. It is devoted entirely to the operation of splitting up simple rational integral algebraical expressions into factors—"factorizing," as the author terms it. We are introduced at the outset to the comprehensive statement that "Any collection of algebraical symbols is called an expression"; which only needs as an illustration the square root of the sign of multiplication, with a statement of what it expresses, to meet with general acceptance. Further on we learn that "Any expression

involving x may be called a function of x . The way in which x is involved is of no importance; thus ax , . . . &c., are all functions of x ." But the masterpiece of absurdity is a new proof of the distributive law of multiplication, which must be given verbatim:—

$ax+bx=(a+b)x$. For a times x added to b times x make $a+b$ times x by the principles of Arithmetic. Now the product of $a+b$ and x is written $(a+b)x$, the brackets being necessary because $a+bx$ would mean a increased by the product of b and x , which is not what we want.

Mr. Pinkerton's *Elementary Text-Book of Trigonometry* (London: Blackie & Son) seems well adapted for "students preparing for University Pass Examinations, and other Examinations in which Elementary Trigonometry is needed." We have not detected any want of accuracy in its pages.

AUDSLEY'S ORNAMENTAL ARTS OF JAPAN.*

THIS new part of Mr. Audsley's sumptuous compendium of the ornamental arts of the Japanese is probably the most satisfactory which has yet appeared. As with the others, the impression it produces is fragmentary and confused. The plan of issue is unchanged, and, as before, the arrangement of the examples chosen for illustration seems arbitrary, and is bewildering. But certain among Mr. Audsley's specimens are of extraordinary merit and interest; the descriptive text, enriched with quotations from Mr. Anderson, is in places sufficient; and the treatise on the art of cloisonné enamel—in itself the best of Mr. Audsley's achievements in connexion with the present work—is complete as it stands, and may be studied as literature without reference to Parts I. and II., and without waiting for Part IV. That of the twenty admirable illustrations issued with this particular number only a couple should be appropriate to the art selected for analysis and description at its beginning is a fact in pleasing congruence with the peculiar quality of Mr. Audsley's general scheme. They are excellent, of course; but they are hardly sufficient; and the sense of humour which on this solemn occasion has limited their number to two, and assigned no less than seven to the kindred arts of textiles and embroidery, is, to say the least, unusual in a scientific work.

But, as we have had occasion to observe, to scientific interest the pretensions of Mr. Audsley's work are inconsiderable. And, complete and workmanlike as is the treatise on cloisonné enamel pretixed to the new part, it does little or nothing to remove this old reproach, if reproach it be. As an exhaustive epitome of the ornamental arts of Japan Mr. Audsley's magnificent publication will not, it is to be feared, achieve success. Its principal interest is one of illustration, its principal value that of a gallery of reproductions. Of course the Japanese are essentially inimitable; and to say that Mr. Audsley's illustrations do more than distantly recall the works they profess to picture would be to say too much. In the hands of the artists of Yedo and Tokio the substance of bronze and ivory becomes inspired with very life; the stuffs of silk and golden thread are touched with influences of being; in the hard and exquisite material of the lacquer-worker you encounter swimming fish, and birds that fly and soar, and men and women that seem diminutives of real humanity. Some good suggestions of these qualities are evident in Mr. Audsley's reproductions; and perhaps we should not go too far if we said that to have a set of them is the next best thing to having a set of the objects represented. The gloss and sheen and suppleness of the brocades are absent; but you have the patterns and the colours. The weight and power of the bronzes, the delicious delicacy of the ivories, the exquisite surfaces and enchanted effects of the lacquers—all these delights are naturally impossible in the copies in two dimensions which are the merit and the charm of Mr. Audsley's book. But to the true lover of Japanese art anything is better than nothing. None but a millionaire could hope to possess the best of the marvels here presented, and to have pictures of them is a privilege none may diminish or deny. Thus our two first pictures are reproduced as examples of colour-printing. They are reduced facsimiles of a set of illustrations drawn by the master, Katsugawa Shunsho, and published, says Mr. Audsley, in 1775. For spirit and gesture, for character and expression, they are hardly to be excelled, and considered as achievements in the art of printing in colours—chaste, sober, elegant, finely decorative—they put to the blush the best modern work by the best modern workmen. Beside them the liveliest presentation of the works of Mr. Millais shows as a common wall-paper. You look at them with envy, and, when you reflect upon the practice of our ancestors in this direction, with something of a sense of shame; and you are relieved to find that from heights like these even the Japanese have scandalously declined, and that their later work in colour-printing is not comparable with the perfect results of a hundred years ago. Of course it would be better to have the book itself, for that is old and beautiful and precious, and has the refinements of antiquity and originality. But it is something to be possessed of this series of reproductions, new as they are, and shiny, and suggestive of Paris and the arts of MM. Pralon and Lemercier. They are copies, but they are still art; and to their possessor that means much.

Among the best things in the book are the two reproductions of embroideries. One, a foulard in dark blue satin, is pictured

with a peacock in display, a peahen, a rock, and a gorgeous peony. The birds' eyes are of glass, their feathers of floss silk and gold; the rock is in plaited strands of silk and gold, and the peony flower in chain-stitched silk. The effect is magnificent even in the plate. What it must be in the original, which measures 30 inches by 25, is scarce to be imagined. The other picture shows a portion of a robe. It is of cream-coloured satin, touched with flat gilding, and embroidered—in a lovely floral device, of red and blue and brown and divers shades of green—with floss silk. That the nation among whom array of this sort was honourable wear has stooped to the barbarism of frock-coats is and must ever remain a mystery beyond philosophy. A delightful specimen of lacquer-work is the panel (belonging to Mr. Ogilvie) adorned with the portrait, incrusted in ivory, of a lady—a poetess—figured by the incomparable Yosai in his *Zenken Kojitsu*. She was the daughter of the poet Shunzei; and one day, as she stood beneath an *ume* tree meditating an impromptu, she attracted the notice of a polite and lettered prince who happened to be taking a walk in the neighbourhood. He accosted her in the speech of the Japanese bard; she replied to him in the same magnificent lingo; and such were the charms of her literary style that he at once demanded her hand in honourable marriage. Here she is, in a landscape of black lacquer and gold flakes; in the distance are mountains of powdered gold; the *ume* trunks are in brown lacquer, the buds and flowers and branches of brightest gold; in a lovely robe, with sandalled feet and veiled head, one hand upon the *ume* bough, the other chastely constraining the folds of her gown, she gazes out upon you in exquisite ivory—"slightly stained in certain parts"—the principal attraction in a work which, as Mr. Audsley says with truth, is "extremely pleasing and highly characteristic of Japanese art." Less pleasing but not less characteristic is the heroic portrait (in incrusted work) of the illustrious Ben-Kei (called by his sporting friends the Young Demon) as he appeared in the act of stealing the big bell in the temple of Mi-i-deia in the interests of a rival establishment. He is a jovial ruffian, and a proper man of his hands, though shaven bald; and in the original relief, which is close on thirty inches in height, he must present an appearance truly formidable and inspiring. Far finer in its way is the magnificent ivory group, carved by Mei-gioku Butsu, and "owned" by M. S. Bing. It shows us the mighty archer Tametomo, conqueror of Onigashima, the Island of Demons, and his sword-bearer. In life Tametomo was seven feet high; his strength was prodigious; and such was his length of arm that, when he drew his bow, which was eight and a half feet high, and could be bent by none save the hero its master, there was a space of eighteen hands-breadths between wood and string. He is shown in the act of bidding whole armies to come on; and the arrogance of his look, the valour of his attitude, the splendid self-confidence of his gesture and appearance are simply indescribable. After this miniature epic (the original is only a foot in height) the rest of Mr. Audsley's specimens seem spiritless and ineffectual; not excepting even the prodigy of invention and design—a combination of wood and ivory, showing Chung Kwei, the Queller of Devils, in mortal combat with some thirty several imps—with which the selection is closed.

SOCIETY IN LONDON.

"A FOREIGN RESIDENT" is an envoy from a foreign Power. We do not, however, believe that the author of this volume means to claim diplomatic rank, or to imply that he is more than a private sojourner in a foreign country. We are almost prepared to contest from internal evidence his claim to be an alien at all. The "twilight of dubiety," as Elia calls it, never once falls upon us in regard to this matter. We no more believe the author of this book of gossip, which is almost always smart, and not unfrequently shallow, dippant, and vulgar, to be a stranger within our gates than we believe Goldsmith's Citizen of the World to have been a Chinese, or the Baron de Montesquieu to have been a Persian.

If we are wrong, and if the writer is not a born subject of Queen Victoria, we are tolerably certain that he is not a European at all. He must be a countryman and near relation of the gentleman attached to the American Legation who dined with Lord Steyne, and who "wrote in the *New York Demagogue* a full and particular account of the dinner, mentioning the names and titles of all the guests, giving biographical sketches of the principal people, describing the persons of the ladies with great eloquence, and hazarding a shrewd guess as to the cost of the entertainment." This self-styled foreigner poses as a man who is only occasionally and accidentally absent from any place or entertainment frequented by princes and great nobles, and the most eminent statesmen, poets, painters, and journalists. He seems to have obtained a great deal of minute information as to the hours at which persons of illustrious rank rise, ride, and eat their breakfasts. Like Mr. John Paul Jefferson Jones, he describes not only "the persons of the ladies with great eloquence," but their toilettes, and in some cases their transactions on the turf. The fact that in this volume the highest lady in the land holds no immunity from impudent and ill-natured gossip is, strange as it may seem, a fact which strongly confirms our belief that the writer is one of Her Majesty's own subjects. We are hardly to be

* *The Ornamental Arts of Japan*. By George Ashdown Audsley. Part III. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

* Society in London. By "A Foreign Resident." London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

persuaded that a foreigner, admitted into the society which this chronicler of aristocratic small beer professes to frequent, would deliberately say of the Queen things which are only calculated to give pain.

But our Paul Pry Alcibiades is not only a trifler in "gilded saloons," he knows the weaknesses of princes and statesmen, and could give them a wrinkle or two as to how they should amend their faults and how the world would be governed if he had his way. After a most impudent description of Lord Randolph Churchill's personal appearance and of his manner of curling his moustache, the writer proceeds to discuss Mr. Chaplin, and remarks of that gentleman that he is "ignorant of practical politics." He balances the gifts and deficiencies of Lord Carnarvon, and tells us that he is not liked by the Queen because he quarrelled with Lord Beaconsfield. Stick to your graphic comments on lords' moustaches and ladies' toilettes, my good man! or if you must talk about things that you do not understand, sprinkle your ignorance, as it were, with a few correct dates and a slight powdering of facts!

Is it conceivable that a foreign gentleman welcomed to English society would write the sometimes insolent and sometimes fawningly fulsome remarks on persons of note which occur in almost every chapter of this book? would say of the Duke of Cambridge and of the Spanish Ambassador that they were men who "had had many affairs of the heart"? and of Lady Brassey that "she would like her arrival at any given point to be announced by a peal of bells or a *feu de joie*"? Is it decent to print these things, even if it is kind to say them in the sacred confidence of friendly intercourse? What right has this foreigner, or Englishman, or cosmopolitan to put in type his unasked opinion that Mr. Robert Browning is a man who "must be in evidence, whose venerable fascinations are, as he piques himself, irresistible by all ladies of all ages and degrees, and who is fond of telling the favoured fair of his achievements among their number"? There is nothing spiteful in saying that "Sir Robert Peel is a big man, with a big manner"; and Lord Hartington will probably laugh as heartily as we do at an observation reported by the author—"What I principally like about your Lord Hartington is his you-be-damnedness." But why should persons whom the assertion in no wise concerns be informed that Sir Edward Hanley is "ill-natured," "intolerant," and hardly "suited for command"? This gratuitous rudeness is "tolerable and not to be borne." We can quite believe the author when he tells us that the Prince of Wales does not consider the abolition of duelling an unmixed good. There are many men who are nothing less than quarrelsome or fire-eaters who are almost driven to hold the same opinion as His Royal Highness. If this sort of thing continues, if men are allowed with impunity to make merchandize of their dislike of persons who may have offended or befriended them, "we must," as Emerson said, "find out a more decisive suicide." But like most persons who think and write spitefully, this foreign "Resident" can use language of more than Oriental adulation when he talks of persons whom he happens to like, or whose good opinion he covets.

Perhaps the strangest and most absolutely unreal description in this book is that of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. First we have a glowing picture of the exquisite "pink and white complexion" of the clever K.C.M.G. We are told that "he has always on his lips the exclamation with which Pitt is said to have died, 'O my country!'" Then we are asked to believe that

The frivolity and corruption of the age often cause his brows to be overcast; and even when he most successfully attempts to drown his solicitude in mirth and pleasantry the author has noticed a shadow pass over his countenance, like the cloud which is mirrored in a sunlit lake, and which tells what a noble melancholy has marked him as her own. At such times his thoughts lie too deep for tears, and far too deep for words. He is rent by conflicting emotions. He is divided between anger at the social and political offences of the day and bland compassion for the offenders.

If this is "meant sarcastic" it is an insult. If it is intended seriously, the writer's knowledge of men must be on a par with his good taste.

A person who undertakes the dangerous and invidious task of chronicling the faults and foibles of the society in which he lives should himself be better than the society he satirizes. He should not stand on as low a level as the victims of his lash. His satire should be broad and general. It should never degenerate into personalities; it should never corrode into spite. If any one wishes to know how a satirist should write, let him study Thackeray. If he wishes to know what faults to avoid, he will find them in *Society in London*, by "A Foreign Resident."

Among the most engaging passages in these pages is the following little bit of sham gentility which might have been indited by "James of Buckley Squeer":

What Bloomsbury was, South Kensington is, and though there are many persons who have a recognized position in London society, and who live in Queen's Gate and its neighbourhood, you will do well to hesitate before you accept the ordinary invitations which emanate to you from that quarter.

Shade of Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! "Emanate from that quarter"! Is not the phrase choice and chaste?

We cannot conclude this notice without an expression of our respectful condolence with the Dukes of Leeds and Manchester, who are, it appears, almost the only two very great noblemen whom the author "has never seen in his life." How they must regret their lost opportunities of sitting for their portraits to this "Foreign Resident."

LETTERS FROM WEST IRELAND.*

LAST year, it may be remembered, Mr. Shand republished the pleasant "Letters from the West Highlands," which he had contributed to the *Times* during the late summer of 1883. This year he follows it up with another little volume containing the reprint of some similar letters, with which—themselves not at all silly—he diversified the columns of the same paper during the silly season of 1884. Let it be hoped that he will go on in the same way enjoying pleasant holidays, and recording them in pleasant books. The picturesque tourist is, Heaven knows, even too much with us, though he chiefly confines himself to foreign lands, which is a blessing. But it is not only agreeable but useful to have the actual face of our own country described as it appears from time to time by competent persons. And Mr. Shand is a very competent person. He is enough of a sportsman not to be a mere man of letters, and enough of a politician not to be a mere sportsman. He writes of land and farming as one who knows. He can use his eyes and he can use his pen.

The peregrination recorded in these pages began at Lough Foyle, and followed the coast round to Kerry. It touched, therefore, on not a few points touched on in the immortal *Irish Sketch Book*, and here the comparison of things after forty years is instructive. It touched also on several points which Thackeray did not visit, and here the supplement is interesting. Undoubtedly far fewer of its readers will be able to correct and to refresh their own reminiscences by it than was the case with Mr. Shand's former book. We do not know that there is anything very wonderful in the fact that the West of Ireland is less generally known than the West of Scotland. Like a great many other facts about Ireland, it is susceptible of very simple explanation, and very seldom receives explanations of simplicity. It is much more difficult to get at; the scenery, though extremely beautiful in parts, is much less uniformly picturesque; the distances from place to place are longer and less manageable; the accommodation, if less extortionately dear, is much less abundant and convenient, and no Irishman has taken the trouble to play *vates sacre* to it. If all these things do not make it superfluous to resort to the mingled hatred and cowardice of the Saxon (or his bad taste, which is of course as notorious as his moral defects), nothing can make anything superfluous. Of course Mr. Shand does not give the silly reasons, and does give the sensible ones, though perhaps he makes a little too light of them, including one which we have not mentioned, but which he himself abundantly testifies to—the abominable climate. A country in which the chief if not the only means of getting about is the open car, and in which a thick frieze ulster with a waterproof superinduced is found by an expert to be the uniform condition of safety from drenching, is scarcely attractive to travellers for pleasure after the age of thirty. Before that nothing matters in the way of weather; after it we think most men will agree with us that not merely bog and heath, but even the finest scenery in the world is intolerably dismal in a climate of shower-bath.

Mr. Shand speaks hopefully of the results of the Land Act; but as we cannot agree with him here, we may let that part of the matter alone, remarking only that we wish for no better premisses to prove the contrary conclusion than he himself furnishes. Few readers are likely to go to him for political views, and no one who goes for others will find politics overdone here. The real aim of the book—excellently well hit—is to give a sketch of the country as it appears. As far as physical appearance goes, the most sensitive of Irishmen will hardly quarrel with Mr. Shand's description. The beauties of Lough Foyle and Swilly, the wild and desolate magnificence of the country round the Bloody Foreland, the less severe but still splendid panoramas of Donegal and Clew Bays, the unique island scenery of Achill, Connemara and Galway (Clare, Mr. Shand seems, under stress of weather, to have passed over rather summarily), the Shannon estuary, and the better-known beauties of Kerry are all treated with lavish and at the same time evidently neither insincere nor extravagant admiration. The towns are not neglected, and Mr. Shand has wisely let slip no opportunity of giving particulars as to hotel accommodation and travelling facilities or their absence. It is true that, like all honest travellers who faithfully record their impressions, he gives the bright side first, and makes his reserves further on. The obligingness of the Irish hotel-servant, the absence of the intolerable show and extortion of Scotch hotels, the simplicity and excellence of the food, and so forth, strike him first. Then there come the "buts." The absence of the German waiter is a joy, but the presence of a boots bringing up toast in his fingers is not quite that. Mr. Shand delights in the phenomenal indifference to profit of the Irish landlord, but he revolts at the possibly complementary *sans gêne* with which the Irish guest in anybody's absence establishes himself in anybody's private room that happens to be comfortable and vacant. In short, Mr. Shand writes faithfully, which is a very great thing, especially when the writer is at the same time never dull. Putting the before-mentioned discrepancy between premisses and conclusion as to the Land Act out of question, we have but two things against him. He should not testify against Irish whisky, any more than an Irishman should testify against Scotch. How happy the man who, being purely English, can blamelessly and sincerely rejoice in both! And he should not talk of the

* Letters from West Ireland. By A. I. Shand. Reprinted from the "Times." London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

"Episcopal" Church. The Church of Ireland (as Sir William Harcourt has just learnt at an expense of leek-eating) is the Church of Ireland still. But these are very venial errors, and the book is a very excellent book.

OUR GIPSIES.*

M R. MORWOOD begins his book by saying that, although gypsies have lived in England nearly four hundred years, yet comparatively little is known either of their origin, character, or general life, and that this is one of his reasons for submitting his pages to the public. If this means anything, it is that, in his opinion, there is really very little of any value on the subject in the works of Borrow, Wilson, Bath Smart, Francis Groome, Smith, Leland, and others of the *aficion*, but that he intends to make up for their ignorance by fully setting forth the "true inwardness" of the Romany. This is, indeed, promising beginning; but we unfortunately fail to find a single fact in all his three hundred and fifty pages relative to the "origin, character, or general life" of gypsies, which is not to be found in the writings of his predecessors. In truth, we rather infer as we read his work that the ignorance of which he complains is more on his part than that of the public, since he is evidently unread in most of what is to be found in the books to which we have referred. It was once said of a certain American Secretary of War that he was capable of accepting bows and arrows as the latest invention in weapons, and Mr. Morwood reminds us of this Secretary when he, after devoting several pages to proving that gypsies are not Egyptians, nor the descendants of Moab and Ammon, boldly declares that those who try to trace them to the Sudras and Pariahs of Hindostan have the strongest argument in their favour! To prove this he gives, after the style of Grellman and Wilson, a Hindoo vocabulary. This remarkable discovery of an Indian origin constitutes probably to Mr. Morwood one of the "facts not generally known" which he is the first to publish. That Pott, Miklosich, Batallard, and others have since the days of Grellman and Borrow traced the Romany with great exactness to certain subdivisions not only of "Sudras," but of Hindoo gypsies, seems to him to be "all, all unknown." Neither does he appear to have read in the last work on the subject that the late Professor E. H. Palmer, after several long examinations in Hindustani of an Indian, decided that the man belonged to the one tribe of Hindu-Syrian nomads who call themselves Rom, and whose language is distinctively Romany. That Mr. Morwood's book "hath not novelty for merit" will be inferred from this, that his general impressions and ideas as to gypsies seem to be those held by Grellman, Hoyland, and Crabb, and that, while he appears to have had occasional partial access to the works of Borrow and Bath Smart, he has not profited much by them. His second reason for publication is that "some writers have in their descriptions of this people leaned to the dark side of their character, which he thinks is not fair." It certainly is hardly fair of the author to say this when we consider that, with one single exception, every English man of letters whose name we have cited writes of the gypsies with great sympathy, showing himself almost blind to their faults and overkind to their virtues. For while it is true that these Anglo-Orientals are far from being the indiscriminate thieves and knaves which novelists and dramatists declare them to be, it is certainly true that they are without exception given to lying, that the women cheat by fortunetelling, that when opportunity occurs they apply fortune-telling to swindling, and that the man among them who has never been in prison is indeed a rare exception. If Mr. Morwood's personal experience of the Romany has not taught him this, we can only infer that it is as limited as his knowledge of the literature referring to them. We must take exception in this connexion to his citation from Mr. Sala to the effect that gypsies are kinder than other people to animals. This is as far as anything well can be from the truth. As regards their treatment of women, there was a saying at one time in a certain clan as to "the only Romany who don't *koor leritis joova* (beat his wife)" which was full of significance. And, finally, Mr. Morwood is unquestionably ill informed when he declares, probably after Mr. George Smith, that gypsies are on the increase on the Continent, or that there are twenty thousand of them or anything near it in Great Britain. There is not a country in Europe where they are not very rapidly decreasing; we have been assured by Hungarian Roms that their language is dying out and their people disappearing; they have within a generation almost entirely departed from Scandinavia, Holland, and Italy, and they are now but rarely seen in Germany proper. As for twenty thousand in Great Britain, two thousand would be much nearer their actual number. Mr. Morwood has probably taken all kind of "travellers," tramps, and nomads for gypsies, a very common mistake; but *cucullus non facit monachum*, the cowl does not make the monk, nor a van, nor even cocoanuts, a *Romany chol*.

It is pleasant to be able to turn from failings to favourable points, and many of the latter are to be found in the stories and anecdotes which constitute about half the book. While none of these set forth anything new, and while there is in many a manifest effort to make gypsies more romantic and peculiar than they really

* *Our Gipsies in City, Tent, and Van; containing an Account of their Origin and Strange Life, Fortune-telling Practices, &c.* By Vernon S. Morwood. Illustrated by Seventeen Sketches from Life and from Nature. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

are—a fault characteristic of most of the Romany Rye fraternity—there is still, in spite of odd style and grammar, just so much of the breezy down, the tent, and the common in the tales as to make them refreshing reading. We rather place it to Mr. Morwood's credit that even the eating an apple or the saying "Good morning!" by a Romany strikes him as an interesting and characteristic incident; it shows that he is deeply inspired by his subject, nor can we take it much amiss that the least manifestation of humanity or gratitude in one of the dark people causes him to raise his eyes in admiration of the virtues of the whole race. Even in this he does not equal the author of *In Gipsy Tents*; but it is in this that we have the most striking proof of what is, after all, the best merit of a descriptive writer, that he is in love with his subject. And if Mr. Morwood had not begun by the priggish assertion to the effect that little is known about gypsies, but that his book would make up for the ignorance of all other writers who had preceded him, we would have gladly passed over his own defects to dwell on his merits. *Our Gipsies* is a work to excite an interest in its subject, and may induce its readers to look up the works of others who have treated the subject far more carefully. It seems to be law that as any phase of humanity begins to disappear people observe it, just as those who have not needed the sun during the day gaze at it admiringly while setting. Of late, collectors have begun to pay special attention to works on the Romany, and as these rarely go beyond a single edition they soon pass into the class of *curios*. When the last real English gipsy shall have passed away, this book of Mr. Morwood's, with its many characteristic pictures, may be a valuable monument of the old race.

EGYPT AND BABYLON.*

C ANON RAWLINSON has hardly done himself or his subject justice in this very shallow compilation. The plan of the work is admirable—namely, to compare the accounts of various historical events as they occur in the Bible and in the monuments which are being daily deciphered with such amazing success. Notwithstanding the title, the volume begins with Babylon, or rather Chaldea and Assyria; and the first chapter relates to the notices of Babylon in Genesis. These are explained and illustrated by references to the works of the late George Smith and others; and such events as the confusion of tongues, and the war of four kings against five, are shown to be at least alluded to, if not fully described, by the poets and chroniclers of ancient Babylon. Chedorlaomer is identified with Kudur Lagamer, and there are many other interesting confirmations of Holy Writ. As far as they go, Canon Rawlinson's notes are as clear as possible. But they go a very short way. There is no explanation of such a name as *Amraphel*—more properly, perhaps, *Hamraphel*—which sounds like good Arabic, and Canon Rawlinson adheres to the chronology of Archbishop Ussher—whose name, by the way, he misspells—which, although for two centuries it has served its purpose wonderfully well, ought now to be very cautiously employed. The embassy of Merodach Baladan to Hezekiah is dated by Ussher, following the Ptolemaic Canon, in 713 B.C. But Mr. St. Chad Boscawen is inclined to place it in 712, and the siege of Jerusalem by Sargon in 711. This and other similar points are not of very great importance; but they are just the points on which we should expect a book like this to have the latest and best information. Canon Rawlinson avoids difficulties, and says nothing to help us when we come to such passages as that of Daniel regarding the insanity of Nebuchadnezzar, and that regarding the death of Belshazzar, which Mr. Boscawen dates precisely in 339 B.C. True, there are several pages respecting the identity of Belshazzar; but the reasoning in them is too weak to establish the faith of any but a reader determined to believe in the historical character of the Book of Daniel. The passage in the first part of the volume to which readers will turn with most interest is that in which the wonders and the utter destruction of Babylon are described and compared with the predictions of the Hebrew prophetic writers. As Canon Rawlinson well observes, the site of a great city has generally been so chosen that, even when it has ceased to be a seat of empire, it has continued to be at least partially inhabited. Arab huts still cluster around the pillars of the Theban temples; "Memphis hears the hum of the great city of Cairo," and is itself well peopled; "Damascus, Athens, Rome, Antioch, Byzantium, Alexandria have remained continuously from the time of their foundation towns of consequence." For ages Babylon has been an absolute desert, and, even as far back as the reign of Augustus, Strabo describes it as a great solitude. Maundeville says, "It is all deserte, and full of dragons and grete serpentes." Canon Rawlinson's reconciliation of the apparent contradiction between two separate sets of prophecies, in which the ruin of Babylon is attributed to the action of water and to the absence of water, is ingenious and indeed satisfactory. He shows that the neglect of the great systems of irrigation which had been perfected in successive ages caused, first, a destruction of the crude brick buildings, and secondly, for want of storing cisterns and canals, a dearth of water.

The second part of the book relates to Egypt, and begins, after a short ethnological note, with an account of the visit of Abraham to a Pharaoh. Here, as might be expected, Canon

* *Egypt and Babylon, from Scripture and Profane Sources.* By Canon Rawlinson. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1885.

Rawlinson's adherence to a long-explored system of chronology greatly mars the clearness of his work. He is evidently inclined to place Abraham's journey in the old date 1920 B.C., although all the subsequent history both of Israel and of Egypt must be distorted to fit it. He does, however, mention the more probable year 2080 B.C., although he subsequently writes the following very ambiguous sentence:—"It is not now questioned by any historian of repute but that the Egyptian monarchy dates from a time anterior to B.C. 2000, while there are writers who carry it back to B.C. 5004." There he leaves the matter, and we are forced to conclude either that Canon Rawlinson, who may be called a professional historian, has formed no opinion on Egyptian chronology, which is highly improbable, or else that he has reasons for not stating his opinion. It is well known that a large number of us, including many members of Dissenting sects, look on the chronology of Archbishop Usher, which Bishop Lloyd, early in the last century, first added to the margins of our Bibles, as an integral and inspired feature of Holy Writ, to doubt which is treason to religion. When we meet with a book like this we expect some enlightenment on the subject. We expect, at least, some statement of the question and some expression of opinion. But none is forthcoming, and we can only attribute its omission to the cause we have mentioned. Because a Calvinistic reader thinks an Anglican archbishop of the seventeenth century and an Anglican bishop of the eighteenth century were inspired, like the Hebrew prophets, the truth cannot be told.

The later chapters on Egypt are very good, but with some serious faults. In identifying the Pharaoh of the Exodus, why does Canon Rawlinson use such an unscholarly form as "Meneptah"? The merest tiro in hieroglyphs can read the name correctly, and it is much to be wished that we were as sure of other kings' names as we are of that of Mer-en-Ptah. The account of the Exodus omits the passage of the Red Sea, a shirking of difficulties also apparent elsewhere. Finally, there is no mention of the Septuagint. We should have been glad to praise this book. Its scheme is calculated to make it very useful; but the way in which that scheme is carried out is, to say the least, disappointing, and by way of supplementing the labours of the learned Canon his printers have added an alarming number of mistakes and his publishers have omitted the index.

MILITARY MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.*

MR. JAMES ANSON FARRER is in a happy position for the writer of a book, particularly when it is on some subject requiring historical research, and touching on large questions of morals. He sees one side of his subject only, and he has a formula which he applies to everything as an infallible means of discovering whether the thing to be tried is righteous or the contrary. In this volume Mr. Farrer deals with military manners and customs, which, at the risk of being considered by him as brutal and probably interested Russians, we will venture to describe as a picturesque and attractive part of man's history. In passing we take care to enter a protest against the new word "belligerology" which Mr. Farrer proposes to coin for the use of other students of military life. He is a little ashamed of his invention apparently, and somewhat nervously excuses it on the ground that it is no worse than "sociology or its congeners." We are prepared to acknowledge that it is no worse, but, to use an argument of which Mr. Farrer is himself fond, it by no means follows that because we have had to swallow one barbarism that, therefore, we must open our mouths to receive others. We refuse; we spew bellogogy out; and proceed to the consideration of Mr. Farrer's *Military Manners and Customs*.

In the first place, it is well to show what is our author's general attitude towards his subject. It is one which, if there be any truth in the saying that no man can write well on anything unless he loves it, should disqualify Mr. Farrer as a military historian. On his title-page he has taken as motto Seneca's decorous platitude "Homo homini res sacra." We will not stop to inquire whether there are not many men who are sacred only in the sense that they are devoted to Woden's steed, a thing of some sanctity in the Northern parts, but in these prosaic days vulgarly called the gallows. Keeping to Mr. Farrer's motto, we incline to think that he would have expressed his own opinion better, and not have used a more hackneyed quotation, if he had taken the honest Joe Miller—"Manners they have none, and their customs are disgusting." Briefly, that expresses his view. He sees that war is cruel, often horribly so, and that many things are done in it which would be nowise approved of or permitted in peace. He also sees that soldiers are sadly addicted to the vice of lying for military purposes. Looking at these things, Mr. Farrer condemns war altogether, and asserts that military life can only have a brutalizing and degrading effect on all connected with it. In search of evidence in support of this contention, he ransacks all history, ancient and modern, and of course, the eye seeing what it has the inclination to see, he finds nothing but evil about soldiers. Further, the critical faculty of man being apt to fly out of one ear when a cut-and-dried theory comes in at the other, he finds not a little contradictory evil. Having noticed these weaknesses in Mr. Farrer's point of view and in his method, we can with more satisfaction go on to point out that he has collected a great deal of interesting

* *Military Manners and Customs*. By James Anson Farrer. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

matter about the military manners of all times in his volume. The facts are worth knowing, and no one is bound to take Mr. Farrer's interpretation of them. For instance, when he quotes a number of curious details of the custom of exacting ransom in the middle ages, he is interesting. When he goes on to insist that all mediæval wars were purely and simply a matter of booty, one says "Pooh pooh, this comes of reading history with blinkers." For the rest, we must distinguish in this question of money-getting. The priest must live by the altar and the soldier by the saddle. The poet, good easy man, looks to get a little cheque from his publisher; is poetry therefore a mercenary trade? The mercenary fellow is he who does things generally considered base for money. Now fighting was never thought base; argal—but it is not necessary to conclude. Mr. Farrer has a special chapter devoted to the demolition of chivalry, in which he shows clearly enough, if anybody wanted it proved at this time of day, that the good knights of Froissart were capable of much ferocity, and dismisses the chivalry legend with a sneer. In one passage he dwells even on the personal ugliness of Bertrand du Guesclin with a sort of malignity which is fairly laughable. Of course he makes the most of the massacre at Limoges, and the shocking comment it seems to make on the Black Prince's title, the *Mirror of Knighthood*. Equally of course Mr. Farrer forgets to point out that the title was given long before the sack of Limoges, and that the slaughter was judged as a crime by the Prince's contemporaries. Again, on the subject of the use of deceit in war, Mr. Farrer decides as might be expected from a thinker who holds that nothing which would be wrong in social intercourse can be right under any circumstances. He becomes comically furious with Lord Wolseley for saying that you cannot conduct war by the light of copybook-headings. A writer who wanted to study human nature, and not to recommend a nostrum, would have inquired how it is that men who are the soul of honour in private life can nevertheless deceive the enemy in war without hesitation, and are not the less honourable men on that account. Mr. Farrer, however, has for his guide what Lord Wolseley calls a copybook-heading and he himself an eternal principle, and that is enough.

In his chapter on naval warfare Mr. Farrer has quite a little revel of high morality. Piracy, privateering, prize money, the capture of foreign merchandise by men-of-war, the use of foreign flags for purposes of stratagem, all come under his notice, and are shown to be utterly wicked on copybook principles. He believes that privateering has disappeared, and that attacks on merchant ships will cease to be a general practice of naval war. When Mr. Farrer reads how Russia is preparing privateers, and France talking of sinking merchant ships with torpedoes, he must feel how slow is the progress of humanity. Again, the recent cruise of H.M.S. *Superb* must have supplied him with another proof of the deplorable indifference of fighting men to eternal principles. It is characteristic that he is strongly in favour of every restriction of the right of belligerents at sea which would be most damaging to his own country. When on the subject of the curious unwritten or half-written law which declares what weapons and what stratagems are permissible in war, Mr. Farrer has no difficulty in showing how illogical the practice of military men is; but his dialectical victory, though satisfactory to himself doubtless, is not instructive to his reader. Mr. Farrer has a good deal to say on the question of how far war may be humanized, and even—happy, happy vision, foolish, foolish dream!—entirely abolished; but, as his observations depend for their value on the hypothesis that man may suddenly become something quite different from what he has hitherto been, they do not press for immediate consideration.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.*

WE can do little more than call attention to this work, as it is impossible to criticize a volume based chiefly on statistics in the narrow limits necessity imposes. Professor Conrad's book, which has already made its mark in Germany, has evidently been the result of much thought, care, and labour; it has been well translated, and, what is more, well edited, by Mr. Hutchison. No one who is interested in University reform can afford to neglect the information here supplied. There are points on which we do not agree either with the author or his editor, but it would be unfair to dwell upon them without stating their side of the question fully, and this we are unable to do. The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters suggest wider questions, and touch on matters connected with the schooling of those who have no thought of going to the Universities which many members of our School Boards will do well to ponder. If Professor Conrad is right in thinking that to give a man an education above his position in life is merely to awaken desires and aspirations which it is impossible to satisfy, and thus to produce the chronic discontent that transforms him from a happy workman into a socialistic agitator, our educational reformers may be doing more harm than they imagine, more especially as it seems to be their aim to supply an unlimited amount of cheap and flashy information rather than to impose a sober mental discipline of any kind. The distinction

* *The German Universities for the last Fifty Years*. By Dr. J. Conrad, Professor of Political Science at Halle. Authorized Translation, with Maps, Notes, and Appendix, by John Hutchison, M.A., one of the Masters in the High School of Glasgow, and a Preface by James Bryce, M.P., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford. Glasgow: David Bryce & Son. 1885.

which the German author draws between the high schools (*Gymnasia*) and the other educational institutions of his country should never be forgotten. The former train men for the Universities, the latter for life. In the high schools, therefore, the course is intended to be incomplete. Their purpose is only to lay the foundation for a future culture, either liberal or professional. The object of other schools should be to provide an entirely finished education for those who attend them, and one adapted to the requirements of the class from which the pupils come. The advanced technical schools should therefore afford fuller instruction on many subjects than the *Gymnasia*, and in order to do this they should ignore several of the forms of intellectual discipline which are of inestimable advantage to those who are destined to live a studious rather than an active life. On the other hand, Professor Conrad clearly sees the great disadvantage of excluding the poor from any possibility of a liberal education. Fifty years ago a German boy of real talent was generally able to fight his way to the University and to support himself there, and many of the most distinguished scholars of the country have risen from the position of peasants or of workmen. Such success is unfortunately becoming more difficult from year to year. In England too this seems to us to be the most important and the most neglected point in the educational question. It is only when the higher classes absorb the whole talent of the nation that its social condition becomes really stable. The man who is conscious of intellectual powers for which his work affords no outlet is likely to become a more dangerous, because a more powerful, agitator than the poor braggart whose vanity has been stimulated by the possession of a store of showy but disconnected knowledge. Professor Conrad, however, though he sees the evil, does not suggest any remedy, at least none that would be practicable in England.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is to be feared that the second volume of M. Charlemagne de Maupas's "Memoirs of the Second Empire" (1) will make some persons regret that he has not "fait Charlemagne" in a different sense, and retired on the success of his first. Not that the book is in itself a bad book. But it recalls the logical, though arbitrary, remark of Bluebeard Pasha to the Rev. Mr. McWhirter:—"Ô Mollah, you are good to talk about Trumpington and the Pons Asinorum, but if _____." M. de Maupas was good to talk about the *Coup d'état* and its circumstances *quorum pars maxima fuerit*, but of the later years of the Empire he knew little more than other people, and his review of the facts has little more than a value of opinion—the opinion of a person who had a certain definite idea of the Emperor's mission, and who attributes his misfortunes to his failure to carry that mission out. We do not say that he is wrong; but we doubt whether his readers will care to see him argue the point with historical illustrations (for that is what he does) through a stout volume.

The reprinted Vienna letters (2) of "Count Paul Vasili" make, however, to our mind, a much duller book than M. de Maupas's. The absurd appetite of the day for personalities, and the more absurd sensitiveness of the German authorities to *La Société de Berlin*, made the fortune of that book; and now it seems the luckless readers of Mme. Adam's Review are to be personally conducted round all the European Courts (London coming next), and to be informed of the characters, the whiskers, the coats, the hose, and the hats of diplomats, princes, generals, Ministers, &c., at each. "Le baron Sina avait quatre filles; la cadette a épousé le duc de Castries"; "Don Augusto Conti est un petit diplomate, vif et alerte, aux cheveux à la moustache et aux favoris grisonnantes," and so on, and so on. It may be wrong to quote Thackeray twice in one short notice, but we cannot help it:—"Das ist sehr interessant; Ich versichere Ihnen das ist sehr interessant" is the criticism which we must borrow from Mr. Halkin on these palpitating records of actuality due to the industry and genius of "Count Paul Vasili."

There has been added to Messrs. Hachette's cheap collection of Voyages and Travels (3) an account of the little wars of France on the Upper Niger during the last few years. Their results have been considerable, and are worth attention.

The preface of *Jésus: quelques scènes, &c.* (4) is signed "l'Auteur des *Horizons prochaines*," and though its language is not precise and the title-page bears no ascription of authorship, it would seem that Mme. de Gasparin is also responsible for the text. It is avowedly based on Dr. Edersheim's *Life and Times of Jesus*, and seems to have originated in an attempt to translate that work. The character of its basis and that of its author or sponsor make sufficient vouchers for its own character. Mme. de Gasparin's fashion of handling theological questions is not universally acceptable, but no one is likely to dispute the earnestness and simplicity of her belief and her desire to make others believe.

Academics must be hung on the line, and if it pleases M. Marmier to translate English, German, and Swedish tales, he does not lose his right to precedence (5). But the *fauteuil* does not honour

only; it also obliges. The tyranny of French printers may oblige M. Marmier to spell "Leighton," "Leighthon." But when he carefully annotates "polacks," "monnaie écossaise qui équivaut au tiers d'un penny," he has, by the insertion of an *o*, made a singular difference. His proposal to invent the word "alouet" to prevent all larks from being compulsorily feminine is on a different footing, and well within his rights. The general excellence of his translations needs no warrant of ours. *Le Sphinx aux perles* (6) is, in many ways, a novel out of the common. In the first place it is in 8vo, not 18mo. In the second, it has on its cover a large and startling photograph of a young lady of the Ethiopian type of beauty, grinning like a Cestrian cat, necked with a serpent, and adorned as to her fleecy locks with orient pearls. These eccentricities are fairly lived up to in the interior. This deals with the reformatory designs of an *oncle d'Amérique*, who, finding that his nephew-in-law is wearying of an affectionate and charming bride and desires *autre chose*, provides the *autre chose* in a striking fashion. The book has very considerable merits, though it perhaps lacks the final touch of genius which would make us thoroughly believe in Mademoiselle Sélika, the "Sphinx with the pearls." But it may be recommended. The stories in M. Daryl's *En yacht* (7) deal with English subjects. We do not think the author as happy in fiction as he is in more serious writing; but he is equally free from the presumption, the ignorance, and the bad taste of the tribe of O'Rell. *Au pôle en ballon* (8) is, as may be guessed, an attempt in the Jules-Verne style to utilize the "aérostat dirigeable" for purposes of fiction. It may be added that it is a very spirited and successful attempt. *En désordre* (9) contains short tales, monologues, and so forth, written for the most part pleasantly and in good taste. The last two books on our list require no very special criticism, though both are fair specimens of their kind. *Les énervés* (10) is something of a social study. *Terre de France* (11) has, as may be supposed, a patriotic motive.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BOTH profit and pain are involved in the reading of Mr. John Nixon's *The Complete Story of the Transvaal* (Sampson Low). It is a clear and unpretentious contribution to history. The evils of party government as they affect colonial administration could hardly be better illustrated. Mr. Nixon is careful, however, to trace these evils, as specially productive of mischief in the Transvaal, to the extraordinary and licentious proceedings of English sympathizers with Boer agitation. It was no ordinary pursuit of party tactics at home that brought matters to a crisis. When Lord Wolseley, as High Commissioner, endorsed the vigorous language of Sir Bartle Frere with respect to the impossibility of reopening the question of annexation, and backed his words with acts equally energetic and determined, he never imagined that responsible statesmen were ready to give moral support to the men he denounced as "seditious rebels." What Lord Wolseley considered flat rebellion speedily became, in the oratory of Midlothian, a struggle for freedom on the part of a people who had been coerced by tyranny. How it pleased Mr. Gladstone to repudiate his electioneering advocacy of the Boers, and the whole story of his subsequent shuffling that led to the notorious Convention, are told with excellent force by Mr. Nixon.

The Journal of a Staff Officer in Paris during the Events of 1870 and 1871 (Remington & Co.) is a clever and effective piece of melodrama, skilfully devised to place the author, M. le Comte d'Hérisson, in the most picturesque light. M. d'Hérisson is an ingenious and amusing writer, with plenty of courage and conviction, a sufficiency of irony and sarcasm, and a style peculiarly French. If one might give a childish credence to his own estimate of his achievements, he is indeed a hero whose modesty and worth we must acknowledge. He poses in these pages as the victim of ingratitude, Imperial and Republican. As aide-de-camp to General Trochu during the siege, and when associated with M. Jules Favre in the negotiations for the capitulation, M. d'Hérisson deserved well of his country. It was he, alone and unaided, and not M. Favre or General de Valdan, who saved the fort of Vincennes from a Prussian occupation. It was he who so fascinated Bismarck that the army of Paris was spared the indignity of surrendering its colours and of consigning its guns to the ditches. In fact, M. Jules Favre cuts a very ridiculous figure in M. d'Hérisson's book, yet the author does not disdain to print the statesman's handsome testimonial in his favour, though he eloquently reflects on his ingratitude. Even General Trochu is sneeringly spoken of as a Cincinnatus in all respects—except that he did not save his country. M. d'Hérisson's exploits are dexterously thrown into effective relief by an ironical self-depreciation. He is only "a poor insignificant mobot," "a poor captain of mobiles," and so forth. Yet he hoodwinked M. Bismarck and taught M. Favre a capital lesson in diplomacy. The book contains some graphic pictures of the siege and its episodes, and with all its egotism is never tedious or dull.

Mr. Walter Armstrong continues his labours of translating the works of MM. Perrot and Chipiez with the *History of Art in Phœnicia and Cyprus* (Chapman & Hall), in two handsome volumes,

(1) *Mémoires sur le Second Empire*. Par M. de Maupas. Tome 2. Paris: Dentu.

(2) *La société de Vienne*. Par le Comte Paul Vasili. Paris: Nouvelle Revue.

(3) *Les Français du Niger*. Par le Capitaine Pietri. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Jésus: quelques scènes de sa vie terrestre*. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(5) *A la ville et à la campagne*. Par Xavier Marmier. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *Le Sphinx aux perles*. Par G. Haller. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *En yacht*. Par Philippe Daryl. Paris: Hetzel.

(8) *Au pôle en ballon*. Par V. Patrice. Paris: Pion.

(9) *En désordre*. Par Camille Bruno. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(10) *Les énervés*. Par Paul Perrot. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(11) *Terre de France*. Par F. de Julliot. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

with over six hundred illustrations and maps. This important work we have already noticed in its French form. The history of Cypriote art is particularly interesting, and it is impossible not to agree with the author's remarks on the contrast between the rich results of Cesnola's explorations and the absence of all attempts at excavation under the British Government. Private enterprise of the kind being forbidden, the author believes that systematic research conducted by the Government in the spirit of M. Renan's Phenician excavations might lead to important discoveries. The volumes are full of interest and suggestion, and the plates and cuts do not merely adorn the text, but illustrate it in the most thorough fashion.

Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, edited by Mr. E. Ginn, form a recent addition to the "Classics for Children" (Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.). The editor curiously refers to the book as "Tales of Shakespeare," as if Charles and Mary Lamb had invented some biographical fiction. The book is "adapted" in parts, like the rest of the series, is well printed, and marvellously cheap.

The increasing study of languages is indicated by the large number of works designed to facilitate it. *A New Method for the Idiomatic Study of German*, by Otto Kuphal (Trübner & Co.), is based on a system of oral tuition, the study of grammar being dispensed with, though a "synoptical grammar," we observe, is included in the second part of the work, which has not yet reached us. The fundamental principle of the author's method lies in the "auricular training" of the pupil; he uses no text-book, but merely listens to the teacher's pronunciation and interpretation of a sentence, and repeats it until mastered. Instead of giving rules the author gives examples, that through them the rule may be impressed on the mind.

We have before us the second edition of Mr. Herbert W. Page's *Injuries of the Spine and Spinal Cord* (J. & A. Churchill); the Index Society's *Index of Obituary Notices* for 1882, chiefly compiled by Mr. Arthur H. Cowdry (Longmans & Co.); and *The Advertiser's Guardian*, by Mr. Louis Collins.

We have also received the first number of the *Ipswich Review*, a very spirited and deserving venture in anti-Radical journalism. It starts with a monthly issue, and the best thing we can wish it is that it may soon have to substitute a weekly one.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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